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IRISH POPULAR SONGS:

WITH

English Metrical Translations.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

DUBLIN: JAMES M'GLASHAN,
50, UPPER SACKVILLE-ST.
WM. S. ORR & CO., LONDON.

IRISH POPULAR SONGS.

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WITH

ENGLISH METRICAL TRANSLATIONS,

AND

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS AND NOTES.

BY

EDWARD WALSH.

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TO

THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND,

AS A TRIBUTE TO THEIR MANY VIRTUES,

AND

WITH ARDENT ADMIRATION

OF

THEIR HIGH POETIC GENIUS,

AS EVINCED IN THEIR SONGS AND LEGENDS,

This Volume

IS INSCRIBED

BY

THEIR FRIEND AND COUNTRYMAN,

EDWARD WALSH.

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

ON

IRISH POPULAR POETRY.

THE popular songs and ballads of Ireland are as completely unknown to the great mass of Irish readers, as if they were sung in the wilds of Lapland, instead of the green valleys of their own native land. These strains of the Irish muse are to be found in the tongue of the people only; and while, for past centuries, every means had been used to lead the classes which had partaken, even in the slightest degree, of an English education, into a total disuse of the mother tongue; when the middle and upper ranks, aping the manners of the English settlers located among them, adopted a most unnational dislike to the language of their fathers; when even in the courts of law, the sole use of the vernacular was a stumbling-block in the way of him who sought for justice within their precincts, and the youth who may have acquired a smattering of education, found it necessary, upon emerging from his native glen into the world, to hide, as closely as possible, all knowledge of the tongue he had learned at his mother's breast; it is no wonder the peasantry should, at length, quit this last vestige of nationality, and assist the efforts of the hedge schoolmaster in its repression. The village teacher had long been endeavouring to check the circulation of the native tongue among the people, by establishing a complete system of espiery in these rustic seminaries, in which the youth of each hamlet were made to testify against those among them who uttered an Irish phrase. This will easily account for the very imperfect knowledge which the rising population of various districts have, at this hour, of the tongue which forms the sole mode of communication between their seniors. The poor peasant, seeing that education could be obtained through the use of English only, and that the employment of the native tongue was a strong bar to the acquirement of the favoured one, prohibited to his children the use of the despised language of his fathers. This transition was, and is still, productive of serious inconvenience to the young and the old of the same household, in their mutual intercourse of sentiment. The writer of these remarks has been often painfully amused at witnessing the embarrassment of a family circle, where the parents, scarcely understanding a word of

English, strove to converse with their children, who, awed by paternal command, and the dread of summary punishment at the hands of the pedagogue, were driven to essay a language of which the parents could scarcely comprehend a single word, and of which the poor children had too scant a stock to furnish forth a tithe of their exuberant thought.

Yet, in this despised, forsaken language are stored up the most varied and comprehensive powers for composition. Who that has heard the priest address his Irish-speaking congregation, and seen the strange power of his impassioned eloquence over the hearts of his hearers—how the strong man, the feeble senior, the gentle girl, were alternately fixed in mute astonishment, kindled into enthusiasm, or melted into tears, as the orator pourtrayed the mercies of heaven to fallen man—who that has witnessed this, and will not acknowledge its thrilling influence in the affecting simplicity of its pathos, and the energy of its bold sublimity? Who that has heard the peasant-mother lavish upon her infant these endearing expressions, which can hardly be conveyed in a comparatively cold English dress, and not call it the tongue of maternal tenderness? And I trust that he who can read the following songs in the original, will likewise confess that the Irish tongue can also express the most passionate ardour, the most sweetly querulous murmurings of love, and that rending grief which beats its breast upon the margin of despair.

It has been asserted that there is no language better adapted to lyric poetry than the Irish. That array of consonants which is retained in the words, to show the derivation, and which appears so formidable to the eye of an un-Irish reader, is cut off by aspirates, and softens down into a pleasing stream of liquid sounds, and the disposition of the broad and the slender vowels gives a variety to the ear by their ever changing melody.

One striking characteristic in the flow of Irish verse must principally claim our notice—namely, the beautiful adaptation of the subject of the words to the song measure—the particular embodiment of thought requiring, it would seem, a kindred current of music to float upon. Or, to vary the figure, the particular tune so exquisitely chosen by the Irish lyrist, seems the natural gait of the subject, whatever that may be, from which it cannot be forced, in a translation, without at once destroying the graceful correspondence which gives its most attractive grace to the original.

Miss Brooke has erred through her versions of the "Reliques" in this respect, and so also, almost generally, have the translators of Mr. Hardiman's "Minstrelsy."

Another grace of the Irish language lies in the number of its synonymes, which enables the poet to repeat the same thought over and over without tiring the ear. Its copiousness permits the raising of a pyramid of words upon a single thought—as, for instance, in the description of a beautiful head of hair, the poet employs a variety of epithets, all of the same cognate race, yet each differing from the other by some slight shade of meaning. The rhymers of later times have carried this peculiarity to a blameable degree. In this species of composition, the translator is quite bewildered, and he seeks, in vain, for equivalent terms in the English tongue to express the graceful redundancies of the original!

In the sentimental and pastoral songs of Ireland, will be found those varied and gorgeous descriptions of female beauty and rural scenery, which have no parallel in the English tongue, and which, as men of learning have asserted, are equalled only in the rich and exuberant poetry of the East. In these Irish songs are to be found none of the indelicate and even gross allusions which so greatly disgrace the lyrical efforts of the best poets of England in the last century. Not but that Irish rhymers have often composed in the censurable manner to which we have alluded; but these reprehensible lays are to be found only in manuscripts, and are never sung by the people.

Some of these popular songs are genuine pastorals, possessing this pleasing feature, that while nothing fictitious blends with the strain, and the whole is perfectly true to nature, nothing coarse or vulgar is introduced, to displease the most refined ear, and all the beautiful and glorious objects of nature are pressed into the service of the muse. The bloom of the bean-field is the cheek of the rural nymph; her eye, a freezing star, or the crystal dew-drops on the grass at sunrise; her sudden appearance, a sun-burst through a cloud of mist; the majesty of her mien, the grace of the white-breasted swan surveying his arching neck in the mirror of the blue lake; her voice, the cooing of the dove, the magic sounds of fairy music, or the speaking note of the cuckoo when he bids the woods rejoice; her hair either ambery, golden, or flaxen—ringleted, braided, perfumed, bepearled, sweeping the tie of her sandal, or floating on the silken wing of the breeze! The enamoured poet will lead his love over the green-topped hills of the South or West, will show her ships and sails through the vistas of the forest, as they seek their retreat by the shore of the broad lake. They shall dine on the venison of the hills, the trout of the lake, and the honey of the hollow oak. Their couch shall be the purple-blossomed heath, the soft moss of the rock, or the green rushes strewn with creamy agrimony, and the early call of the heath-cock alone shall break their slumber of love!

Allegory was the favourite vehicle of conveying the political sentiment of Ireland in song, at least since the days of Elizabeth. To this figure the poets were inclined by the genius of the tongue, as well as the necessity which urged to clothe the aspirations for freedom in a figurative dress. Erin, the goddess of the bard's worship, is a beautiful virgin, who has fallen within the grasp of the oppressor—all the terms of his tongue are expended in celebration of the charms of her person, her purity, her constancy, her present sufferings, her ancient glory! Her metaphorical names are many: the chief among that class are "Ros geal dubh," "Graine Mhaol," "Droiman Donn;" or she sometimes appears invested with all the attributes in which the beautiful fairy mythology of the land enwraps the fabled beings of its creation. She leads the poet a devious route to many a rath and fairy palace, till at length, amid the shadowy forms of olden bards, and chiefs, and regal dames, and sceptred kings, she bids the wondering mortal proclaim to the Milesian Race that the period was at hand when her faithful friends would burst her bonds of slavery! The vision of John M'Donnell is a beautiful instance of this species of composition, and is also very curious in illustration of the fairy topography of Ireland.

A few specimens, to prove our remarks upon the power of Irish verse, may not, perhaps, be unacceptable to the reader. The following noble stanza is from a poem by Eoghan O'Rahilly, a poet of the last century, on a shipwreck which he witnessed on the coast of Kerry. The stanza and its translation are taken from O'Reilly's "Biography of Irish Writers:"—

Dob éagnaċ imirt na tuile re daor-rraṫar
Méad na toinne re fuirneaḋ na gaoṫ grainnéin,
Taoḃ na loinge 'sa fuirionn air treun-lrasgaḋ,
Aig eiġeaḋ tuitim go grinniol gan dáil frascailt!

The roaring flood resistless force display'd,
Each whirling blast the swelling surges sway'd,
The vessel burst—alas! the crew she bore
Scream'd in the deep, and sank to rise no more!

Donough M'Namara, a Waterford poet of the last century, in his mock Æneid, thus describes the roar of the Stygian ferryman as penetrating the remotest boundaries of creation.

Do léig se gáir ós árd is béiceaċ,
Le fraim a ġoṫa do ċriṫeadar na spéarṫaḋ,
Do ċralaḋ an ċruinne é 's ċuir ifrionn géim as!

He uttered an outcry and a roar—
At the sound of his voice the heavens were shaken,
All creation heard it, and hell rebellowed!

The following incentive to battle is from the pen of Andrew Magrath, called the *Mangaire Sugach*, another Munster poet.

Sin agaiḃ an t-am agus gaḃaig le na ċéile,
Preabaig le fonn agrs planncaig meiṫ-ṗuic,
Leanaig an foġa ar ḋream an éiṫig,
'S ná h-ionntoiġeaḋ aen le sgáṫ ón-gleó!

The hour hath come—unite your force;
Rush with ardour, and strike the fat he-goats;
Follow up the assault on the perfidious race,
And let none swerve in terror from the conflict!

In the Boat-hymn, one of the songs of the present collection, the poet thus apostrophises a rock in Blacksod Bay.

A Ḋaoileinn, a ċrom-ċarraig ġarḃ gan sgáṫ!
Air an nuaḋ-ḃarc-so fúm-sa breaṫnuiġ do ṡáṫ,
An cuiṁin leat 's aṅ g-cuan-so go ḃ-faca tú bád
Gan ċontaḃairt tonn-ḃarra gearraḋ mar táim!

O! Dilion, tempest-beaten rock, all rough and dark!
Look forth, and see beneath me now this bounding
  bark,
And say, if e'er thou boat beheld within this bay,
Wave-mounted, cleaving, confident, like mine to-
  day!

The wind agitating the waters of the River Funcheon is thus described by one M'Auliff, a blacksmith of Glanmire near Cork. I would beg of the classical reader to compare this line with that frequently quoted one in the first book of Homer's Iliad.

Gliong-goṫaċ láidir a g-caiṫioṁ na d-tonn.

Loud-clanging, forceful, wild-tossing the waves.

The following instance from the song of *Eadhmonn an Chnoic* will shew how the consonant sounds are softened down by aspiration.

A ċýl alýnn ḋeas na ḃ-fainneaḋa g-cas,
Is breaġ 'gus is glas do ṡýle!

Maid of the wreathed ringlets, beautiful, exceedingly fair,
Blue and splendid are your eyes!

And again, in the same song as it is sung in the south of Ireland.

A ċumain sa ṡearc raċamýde seal
Fa ċoillte ag speala drúċta,
Mar a ḃfaġaḋmýde breac 'is lon air a nead,
An fiaḋ 'gus an poc ag býṫre;
An ténín is binne air ġéagaiḃ ag seinnim,
An ċuaiċín air ḃárr an śr-ġlais,
Is go bráṫ ní ṫiocfa an bás air ar n-goire,
A lár na coille csḃarṫa!

My hope, my love, we will proceed
Into the woods, scattering the dews,
Where we will behold the salmon, and the ousel in its nest,
The deer and the roe-buck calling,

The sweetest bird on the branches warbling,
The cuckoo on the summit of the green hill;
And death shall never approach us
In the bosom of the fragrant wood!

In the allegorical song, *Rós geal Dubh*, the poet's love for his unfortunate country, and his utter despair of its freedom, are thus expressed:—

Tá gráḋ agam am lár ḋuit lé bliaġain anois,
Gráḋ cráite, gráḋ cásṁar, grád ciapaṫa,
Gráḋ d'ḟág mé gan sláinte, gan rian, gan ruiṫ,
Is go bráṫ, bráṫ, gan aon ḟaill agam air mo Rós
  geal duḃ!

My love sincere is centred here this year and more,
Love, sadly vexing, love perplexing, love painful,
  sore,
Love, whose rigour hath crush'd my vigour, thrice
  hopeless love,
While fate doth sever me ever ever from *Rós geal
  Dubh!*

In the song of "Beautiful Deirdre," the following will illustrate what has been already said of the power of the Irish in the use of synonymes.

Is caṁarsaċ claon, 's is craoḃaċ, craṫ-śrlaċ,
Taiṫneaṁaċ, teudaċ, faon-ċas, feac-lśaineaċ
Leaḃair-ċeart, laoḃḋa, slaodaċ, sraṫ-lśbaċ
A baċall-foilt ċaoṁ-ġlan ġeugaċ ḟad-ċśrsaċ.

Her ringlet-hair—
Curve-arching, meandering, spreading, curl-quivering,
Fascinating, stringlike, pliant-wreathing, restless-swerving,
Free-extending, inclining, abundant, thick-twining.
Mildly-bright branchy, far-sweeping.

The next is a proof of the exquisite feeling of the elegiac muse of our valleys. A lover is weeping over the grave of his betrothed.

Nsair is dóiġ le mo ṁuinntir go m-bím-se air mo leaba,
Air do ṫuamba seaḋ bí'm sínte ó oiḋċe go maidin,
Ag csr síos mo ċruaḋtain, is ag cruaḋ-ġol go daingion,
Tré mo ċailín ciúin stúamaiḋ, do luaḋag liom na leanḃ!

When the folk of my household suppose I am sleeping,
On your cold grave till morning the lone watch I'm keeping;
My grief to the night wind for the mild maid to render,
Whò was my betrothed since infancy tender!

I shall conclude these quotations with this simile, taken from one of the sòngs in the present collection:—

Chonairc mé ag teaċt ċugam í tre lár an t-sléiḃe,
Mar réiltion ṫrid an g-ceó!

I saw her approach me along the mountain,
Like a star through a mist!

I shall now introduce to the reader's notice some of the poets of the last century, from whose writings many of the songs of this collection are taken. Some of these songs belong to an earlier period. *Rós geal Dubh*, for instance, is supposed to have been composed in the time of Queen Elizabeth; but the names of the writers of some of the best in the collection are now unknown. In these songs, the historian or moral philosopher may trace the peculiar character of our people; and from fragmented phrases and detached expressions, ascertain the "form and pressure" of the times to which they belong, even as the geologist bears away fragments of old world wonders, whence to deduce a theory or establish a truth. He will trace the ardent temper and unbroken spirit of our people in these undefined aspirations for freedom—the allegorical poems; their vehement and fiery love, chastened and subdued beneath the yoke of reason, by deep religious feeling, in their pastoral songs; and in the elegiac strains he will trace the intense feelings that exist in the Irish heart, as the mourner pours his despair over the grave of departed beauty, or sighs, on the margin of a foreign shore, for one green spot in his own loved island which he can never more behold.

These song writers are, doubtless, the lineal descendants of the bards of preceding centuries. Their poems, however, are not works of art; they are, with few exceptions, the efforts of untutored nature—the spontaneous produce of a rich poetic soil. But if these wild lyrics thrill with electric power to the heart, what must be the effect of the finished productions of that happier period when the chiefs of the land protected the craft of the minstrel!

Chief among these poets, as distinguished for his extensive learning and bardic powers, stands John Mac Donnell, surnamed Claragh, a native of Charleville, in the county Cork. He was the cotemporary and friend of John Toomey, a Limerick poet, celebrated for his convivial temper and sparkling wit. The "Vision," of Mac Donnell, with some other pieces, come within the present collection. He was a violent Jacobite, and his poems are chiefly of that character. In his time, the poets held "bardic sessions" at stated intervals, for the exercise of their genius. The people of the districts bordering upon the town of Charleville yet retain curious traditions of these literary contests, in which the candidates for admission were obliged to furnish extempore proofs of poetical ability. O'Halloran, in his "Introduction to the History of Ireland," makes honourable mention of this gifted man, and says that he was engaged in writing a history of Ireland in the native tongue. Mac Donnell also made a proposal to some gentlemen of the county Clare to translate Homer's Iliad into Irish. "From the specimen he gave," says O'Halloran, "it would seem that this prince of poets would appear as respectable in a Gathelian as in a Greek dress."

Mac Donnell died in 1754, and was interred near Charleville. His friend and brother poet, John Toomey, wrote his elegy, which may be found in Mr. Hardiman's "Minstrelsy."

Andrew Magrath, surnamed the *Mangaire Sugach*, from whose writings I have largely extracted, was a native of the county Limerick. He practised, for a considerable time, the business of a pedlar, or travelling merchant, an occupation that gave occasion to the designation, *Mangaire Sugach*, which denotes the *Jolly Merchant*. His poems are very numerous, and greatly varied, being chiefly satirical, amatory, and political. This man possessed a genius of the highest order. His humorous pieces abound with the most delicate touches, for, as his occupation of pedlar led him into all grades of society, his discrimination of character was consequently very acute. His love songs are full of pathos, and, so far as I have been able to observe, entirely free from the taint of licentiousness. He, however, lived a vicious, sensual life, and by his irregularities incurred the censures of the Roman Catholic priesthood. It was on occasion of his being refused admittance into the Protestant communion, after his expulsion from the Catholic Church, that he wrote his "Lament," where the portraiture of his strange distress leaves the reader at a loss whether to weep at his misfortune, or laugh at the ludicrous expression of his sorrow.

Owen O'Sullivan, usually named *Eoghan Ruadh*, or *Owen the Red*, from the colour of his hair, was a native of the county Kerry. He lived at a somewhat later period than either Mac Donnell or Magrath, and was also, like Magrath, a ~~very eccentric character~~. O'Sullivan sometimes followed the employment of an itinerant labourer, in which occupation he would make periodical excursions into the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary, during the reaping and potato-digging seasons. In the summer months, he would open a hedge school in the centre of a populous district, where the boys of the surrounding hamlets, and the "poor scholars" who usually followed in the wake of Owen's perambulations, were taught to render the Greek of Homer and the usual school range of Latin authors into Irish and English. I should observe that Owen the Red wrote and spoke the English tongue with considerable fluency. Many of his satires, written in that language, against the volunteers of '82, are yet preserved in the neighbourhood of Churchtown and Charleville, in the county of Cork.

O'Sullivan's productions are satirical, elegiac, amatory, and political. He is the favourite poet of the Munster peasantry, and their appreciation of the potato-digging bard does high credit to their critical discrimination. His strain was bold, vigorous, passionate, and feeling; his only fault being a redundancy of language to which he was led by the inclination of the Irish tongue, and his own vehemence of temper. He died in 1784.

The following extract from the life of Owen O'Sullivan, as I have given it in the "Jacobite Reliques," will furnish a glimpse of this unfortunate genius:—

"There are doubtless many of my readers who now hear of Owen Roe O'Sullivan for the first time. To them, perhaps, it will be necessary to say, that Owen Roe was to Ireland what Robert Burns at a somewhat later day, was to Scotland—the glory and shame of his native land. I know no two characters in my range of observation that so closely resemble each other as Burns and Owen Roe. The same poetical temperament—the same desire of notoriety—the same ardent sighings for woman's love—the same embracing friendship for the human family—and the same fatal yearnings after "cheerful tankards foaming," alike distinguished the heaven-taught minstrels. Like Burns, Owen Roe first tuned his reed to the charms of nature and the joys of woman's love—like Burns, the irregularity of his life obliged the clergymen of his persuasion to denounce him; and, like him, he lashed the priestly order without ruth or remorse—like Burns, he tried the pathetic, the sublime, the humorous, and like him succeeded in all. Nor does the parallel end here; they were both born in an humble cottage; both toiled through life at the spade and plough; and both fell, in the bloom of manhood, in the pride of intellect, the victims of uncontrolled passion!"

William Heffernan, more usually called *Uilliam Dall*, or *Blind William*, a native of Shronehill, in the county Tipperary, was contemporary with Mac Donnell and Toomey, with whom he often tried his poetic powers in the literary battles of the bardic sessions. He was born blind, and spent the greater part of his life, a poor houseless wanderer, subsisting upon the bounty of others. His pieces are political, elegiac, and amatory. The tenderness of his amatory muse is refined and sweet in the highest degree. His allegorical poem, *Cliona of the Rock*, says Mr. Hardiman, "would in itself be sufficient to rescue his memory from oblivion, and stamp him with the name of poet. The machinery of this ode has been a favourite form of composition with our later bards. They delighted in decorating these visionary beings with all the charms of celestial beauty, and in this respect, our author appears to have been no mean proficient. His description is heightened with all the glow and warmth of the richest oriental colouring, and the sentiments and language are every way worthy of the subject."

His *Caitlín ni Uallachán* and other pieces, in this collection, will furnish a fair specimen of his abilities.

Another poet of this century was Donough Roe M'Namara, a native of Waterford, who finding that the profits of his hedge school, in which he taught Greek and Latin to the peasantry, were inadequate to his support, resolved to try his fortune as a labourer in Newfoundland. He embarked; but on the second day of the voyage, the vessel in which he sailed was chased back upon the Irish coast by a French privateer, and poor M'Namara once more took to the teaching trade. At the suggestion of a Mr. Power, he afterwards wrote a metrical account of his adventure. In this poem he sets out with a description of his poverty—the manner in which the whole parish contributed to fit him out—the fascination of his landlady and her fair daughter, in Waterford—a storm at sea—sea-sickness of the passengers—a vision in which the queen of the fairies takes him to the realm of departed spirits, where he beholds the shades of Irish warriors, and hears strange political revelations, &c. &c. This mock Æneid contains passages of extraordinary power, and rare flights of humour. M'Namara also produced many political and amatory songs.

The foregoing are the writers from whose works I have chosen some of the pieces in this collection. Contemporary poets, of whose poems I have not availed myself, are Eogan O'Rahilley, a native of Kerry, a man of learning and great natural abilities. The peasantry of the bordering counties of Cork, Limerick, and Kerry, yet recite his poems, and cherish the memory of his caustic wit and exquisite humour. O'Halloran makes honourable mention of this poet. Denis and Connor O'Sullivan, brothers, authors of many excellent, political, and amatory songs were also natives of Kerry. In the same district, at a somewhat later period, lived Fineen O'Scannell, a man of high poetical merit, the author of many poems. Edmund Wall was also a satirical poet of much celebrity in the county of Cork.

The Reverend William English, a friar of the city of Cork, was a poet, highly facetious and satirical. Timothy O'Sullivan usually named *Teige Gaelach*, a native of the county Waterford, was also a poet of great celebrity. His works are numerous, consisting of odes, elegies, political songs, and pastorals. His elegy on the death of Denis M'Carthy, of Ballea, in the county Cork, is a beautiful specimen of this species of composition. In early life his conduct was very irregular, and many of his poems licentious; but in after time he became sincerely penitent, and devoted his talents to the composition of sacred poems and hymns, many of which have been collected and published under the title of "Timothy O'Sullivan's Pious Miscellany."

In this passing view of the writers of the last century, I have confined myself to those of the south of Ireland alone. Even many of these I must pass over in silence, and shall close with some account of John Collins, whose genius and learning eminently qualify him to stand among the first of modern writers in Ireland. Collins taught school at Skibbereen, in the county Cork, where he died, in 1816. His poems are held in high estimation; his best production, or perhaps the best in the modern Irish, being his poem on "Timoleague Abbey." Collins has given an Irish translation of Campbell's "Exile of Erin," which admirably proves, if proof were necessary, the power of the Irish language. None will pronounce this translation in any instance inferior to the celebrated original, while, in many passages, the Irish version rises far superior in harmony of numbers and feeling of expression!

In conclusion, I beg leave to say a word or two respecting the songs of this collection. I have admitted nothing among them calculated, in a moral or political point of view, to give offence. I have also been careful to avoid that error which I already censured in others—namely, the fault of not suiting the measure of the translation to the exact song-tune of the original. The Irish scholar will perceive that I have embodied the meaning and spirit of each Irish stanza within the compass of the same number of lines, each for each; and that I have also preserved, in many of the songs, the cæsural and demi-cæsural rhymes, the use of which produces such harmonious effect in Irish verse. I offer these songs to the public as evidence of the poetic spirit of our people. To the reader who cannot peruse the original, I have to say, that the English versions are faithful, and, in most instances, perfectly literal transcripts of the Irish; and that our hills and valleys, and milking bawns, and every cottager's fireside, are vocal with hundreds of songs, which want but the aid of a poet, himself one of the people, speaking their tongue, and familiar with its idioms, to recommend them to public notice in an English dress.

It is fit to state that I have copied into this little work some of the songs which Mr. Hardiman has left untranslated in the "Minstrelsy," and also that I have selected from manuscripts some songs which I subsequently found had been already used by Mr. Hardiman. Some of my versions, however, are different from his.

In consequence of the neglected state of the Irish language during the last two centuries, considerable irregularity has arisen among writers in the use of its orthography. This will be apparent to any one who considers what the fate of a language must be, which, ceasing to be the vehicle of learned instruction, descends to the use of men unskilled in the rules of composition, and ignorant even of the modes of inflecting nouns, or conjugating verbs. The songs of this collection, I am proud to say, are as free as possible from grammatical error, Mr. Owen Connellan, Irish Historiographer to their late Majesties, George IV., and William IV., translator of the "Annals of the Four Masters," and author of a "Grammar of the Irish Language," etc., having kindly undertaken to read the Irish throughout, and to correct every apparent error of the text.

E. WALSH.

DUBLIN, *January*, 1847.

IRISH POPULAR SONGS.

DANTA DUTĊASAĊ NA N-EIRIONN.

◆

STUAIRIN NA M-BAĊALL M-BREAĠ REIḊ.

I.

Táid na reulta 'na seasaḋ air an aeḋar,
  An ġrian a's an ġealaċ na luiḋe,
Tá an ḟairge tráiġte gan braon,
  'S ní'l réim ag an eala mar ḃíoḋ;
Tá an ċuaiċín, a m-barraḋaiḃ na n-géug,
  D'á ḟíor-ráḋ gur éalaiġ sí uainn,
A stúairín na m-baċall m-breáġ réiḋ
  D'ḟág Eire faoi ḟadṫuirsi cruaiḋ!

II.

Trí níḋ do ċíḋim trés an n-gráḋ,
  An peacaḋ, an bás, a's an ṗian,
Agus m'iñtiñ dá iñsin, gaċ lá daṁ,
  M'aigne gur ċráḋ sí le ciaċ—
A ṁaiġdean, do ṁill tú a'm lár mé,
  Agus m' impiḋe ó'm láiṁ ċúġatsa n-iar,
Mo leiġeas ó na saiġiodaiḃsi a'm lár,
  'S go ḃ-faġaiḋ tú na grása ó Dhia!

IRISH POPULAR SONGS.

◆

THE MAID OF THE FINE FLOWING HAIR.

I.

The sun hath gone down in the sky,
   The stars cease their heavenly way,
The tides of the ocean are dry,
   The swan on the lake hath no sway;
The cuckoo but adds to our care,
   Who sings from his green, leafy throne,
How the maid of the fine, flowing hair
   Left Erin in sadness to moan!

II.

Three evils accompany love,
   These evils are Sin, Death and Pain—
And well doth each passing hour prove
   Thou'st woven around me their chain!
Oh, maiden that woundedst me sore,
   Receive this petition from me,
And heal my fierce pain, I implore,
   So God yield his mercy to thee!

III.

Is binne í 'ná an ḃeiḋlinn 's ná 'n liṁt,
'S na ceileaḃar na ccéirseaċ tá ciarr;
Is dealraiḋe í 'ná an féur trés an n-drúċt,
'S is fíor-ḋeas gaċ alt ann a cliaḃ;
Ta píob mar an eala air an ttráiġ,
'S dóiġ liom gur breaġa í ná'n ġrian;
'S é mo ċuṁaiḋ ġéur mar ṫug mé ḋi gráḋ,
'S go m-feárr liom naċ ḃ-feicfinn í riaṁ!

CASAḊ AN T-SUGAIN.*

I.

Naċ é an caṫ marḃ ċas ann na h-áitesi mé,
'S a liaċt cailín deas do ḟágassa mo ḋiaiġ;
Táinic me steaċ 's an teaċ raiḃ gráḋ geal mo ċléiḃ,
'S ċuir an ċailleaċ amaċ air ċasaḋ an t-súgáin mé!

---

* This is said to be the original song composed to that delightful tune, "the Twisting of the Rope." Tradition thus speaks of its origin. A Connaught harper having once put up at the residence of a rich farmer, began to pay such attentions to the young woman of the house, as greatly displeased her mother, who instantly conceived a plan for the summary ejectment of the minstrel. She provided some háy, and requested the harper to twist

III.

Her voice doth the viol surpass,
Or blackbird's sweet notes on the tree,
More radiant than dew-sprinkled grass,
In figure and feature she be:
Her neck like the swan's on the wave,
Her eye hath a light like the sun;
And oh, that my lost heart I gave,
Or saw her who left me undone!

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

I.

What mortal conflict drove me here to roam,
Though many a maid I've left behind at home;
Forth from the house where dwelt my heart's dear hope,
I was turned by the hag at the twisting of the rope!

---

the rope which she set about making. As the work progressed and the rope lengthened, the harper, of course, retired backward, till he went beyond the door of the dwelling, when the crafty matron suddenly shut the door in his face, and then threw his harp out at the window. The version sung in the south of Ireland has some additional stanzas, but I give the song as it is found in Hardiman's "Minstrelsy," vol. i., where it is left untranslated.

II.

Má ḃiḋeann tu liom, biḋ liom do ló a's d'oiḋċe;
Má ḃiḋeann tu liom, biḋ liom ós coṁair an
  t-saoġail;
Má ḃiḋeann tu liom, biḋ liom gaċ órdlaċ ann do
  ċroiḋe;
'S é má leun naċ liom tráṫnóna ṫú mar ṁnaoi!

III.

As ṡios a Sligeaċ ċuir mé eólus air mo ġráḋ,
As ṡuas a n-Gaillib d'ól mé léi mo ṡáiṫ;
Dar briġ mo ḃasa muna léigfiḋ ḋaiṁsa mar a
  táim
Déanfaiḋ mé cleas a ḃainfeas siuḃal as na
  mnáiḃ!

FAINEAḊ GEAL AN LAE.

I.

Maidin ṁoċ do ġaḃas amaċ
  Air ḃruaċ Loċa Léin,*
An saṁraḋ ag teaċt, 'san ċraoḃ re n'ais,
  'Gus lonnraḋ teiṫ ó'n n-gréin,
Air taisdiol ḋam tre ḃailte-puirt,
  'Gus bántaḋ mine, réiḋ,
Cia ġeaḃain le'm ais aċ cuilioñ ḋeas,
  Le fáineaḋ geal an lae.

---

* *Locha Lein*, *Loch Lene*, the Lake of Killarney, in Kerry.

II.

If thou be mine, be mine both day and night,
If thou be mine, be mine in all men's sight,
If thou be mine, be mine o'er all beside—
And oh, that thou wert now my wedded bride!

III.

In Sligo first I did my love behold,
In Galway town I spent with her my gold—
But by this hand, if thus they me pursue,
I'll teach these dames to dance a measure new!

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

I.

At early dawn I once had been
  Where Lene's blue waters flow,
When summer bid the groves be green,
  The lamp of light to glow—
As on by bower, and town, and tower,
  And wide-spread fields I stray,
I meet a maid in the greenwood shade,
  At the dawning of the day.

II.

Ní raiḃ stocaiḋ na bróg, cóip, ná clóca,
  Air mo stór ó'n spéir,
Aċt folt fionn órḋa síos go troiġ
  Ag fás go bárr an ḟéir;
Ḃiḋ calán crúiḋte aice 'na glaic,
  'S air ḋrúċt ba ḋeas a sgéiṁ,
Ṫug bárr-ġean ó Ḃenus ḋeas,
  Le fáineaḋ geal an lae!

III.

Súḋ an ḃriġdeaċ síos le'm ais
  Air ḃinnse glas do'n ḃ-feur
A magaḋ léi ḃios dá ṁuġḋeaṁ go pras
  Mar mnaoi naċ sgarfainn léi
A duḃairt sí liom na brís mo ċlú
  Sgaoil mé air siuḃal, a réic,
Sin iad a n-deas na soillse ag teaċd
  Le fáineaḋ geal an lae!

BEAN DUḂ AN ĠLEANNA.

I.

A ḃfacaḋ tú nó an gcuala tú
  An stuaire dob' áille gnaoi,
A' n-gleañta duḃa, 's mé ann uaignios,
  Gan suaiṁnios do ló na d'oiḋċ'—
Béilín caoin an t-suan-roisg
  Do ḃuair mé 's do ḃreóḋaiġ mo ċroiḋe;

II.

Her feet and beauteous head were bare,
  No mantle fair she wore,
But down her waist fell golden hair
  That swept the tall grass o'er;
With milking-pail she sought the vale,
  And bright her charms' display,
Outshining far the morning star,
  At the dawning of the day!

III.

Beside me sat that maid divine,
  Where grassy banks outspread—
"Oh, let me call thee ever mine,
  Dear maid," I sportive said.
"False man, for shame, why bring me blame?"
  She cried, and burst away—
The sun's first light pursued her flight,
  At the dawning of the day!

THE DARK MAID OF THE VALLEY.

I.

Oh, have you seen my fair one,
  The brightest maid of beauty's train,
Who left me thus deploring,
  In deep, dark vales, my love-sick pain—
That mild-ey'd, sweet-tongu'd maiden,
  Who left a wounded heart to me,

Mo ḃeannaċt féin go bran léi,
  Ga dti an ccran ḟo bé áit a' m-biḋ!

II.

Atá sé sgrioḃṫa a b-prionnta
  Do ċom seang 's do ṁala ċael,
Is do ḃéilín taniġḋ faoi sin
  Na saoilfinn do ḋéanfaḋ bréag;
Do ċroḃ ar gile míne
  Ionna an sioda 's ná cluṁ na n-éan,
Ar brarṫa cráiḋte ḃim-se
  Nrair smaoinim air sgarḟinn léi!

III.

An rair ḋearcar i, do ṫéiġ mé,
  Le gérr ḟearc da gnaoi 's da snó,
A míona cioċa gléġeal,
  A déad dear, 'sa dlaoiṫ-ḟolt óir;
Ba gile a dreaċ ná Déirdre*
  Ċuir laoċraiḋ na Miḋe air feóḋ,
'S na Blánad ṁín na g-claen-rosg,
  Le an traoċaḋ na mílte treón.†

---

* It is said that Deirdre was confined, from the period of her birth, in a fort or tower, by Connor, King of Ulster, because a druid had foretold she would cause great calamity in the kingdom. When she grew up to womanhood, Naois, with his two brothers, bore off the beautiful captive to Scotland, when the king of that country, smitten by the fatal charms of the lady, formed a plan to destroy her lover. They were thus forced to flee from Scotland, and Connor, hearing of their distress, allured them over to Ireland, by promises of pardon, where the three brothers were slain by his order. For this deed of perfidy, Connor, abandoned by his nobles, saw Ulster ravaged from shore to shore, and bathed in the blood of its bravest warriors! See Keating's "Ireland," Haliday's edition, page 371.

My blessing I bequeath her,
  Where'er the gentle maiden be!

II.

Rare artists have engraven
  Her slender waist, her beauteous brow,
Her lip with sweetness laden,
  That once I thought would truth avow;
Her hand than down far fairer,
  More sleek than silk from India's shore;
And oh! in grief I'm pining,
  To think I've lost her evermore!

III

With love my heart was glowing,
  When first I spied the lovely fair,
With breast of snowy fairness,
  And white teeth, and golden hair—
She shone more bright than Deirdre,
  The curse of Meathean chiefs of pride,
Or mild-ey'd beauteous Blanit,
  By whom a thousand heroes died!

---

† Blanit was daughter of the king of the Isle of Man. When the Red Branch Knights plundered that island, this lady, who, it is said, surpassed in beauty all the women of her time, was adjudged to Curaigh Mac Daire. Cuchullin claimed her as his prize, but he was overcome by Curaigh, in single combat. Some time after, Cuchullin with a large body of men, attacked and slew Curaigh in his palace. Blanit then departed with Cuchullin into Ulster. Thither did the bard of Curaigh follow her; and one day finding Connor, Cuchullin, and Blanit at the promontory of Ceann Beara, he instantly clasped her within his arms, as she stood on the edge of a steep rock, and flinging himself downward, they were both instantly dashed to pieces!—See Keating's "History of Ireland," Haliday's edition, page 405; and also, "Transactions of the Gaelic Society."

IV.

A ṗlúr na m-ban, na tréig mé
  Air ḃaeṫlaċ le saint dá stór,
Gan ċlú, gan ṁeas, gan ḃéasa,
  Aċd. bleaḋaraċt is bruḋean is gleó;
Is biñ do ṡinnfinn dréaċta
  Breaġa Gaoiḋeilge duit oiḋċe an ḟóġṁair,
'S do sgrioḃfuinn sdair na Féinne,
  Go léir-ċeart, 's na mileaḋ mór!

SEOLAḊ NA N-GAṀNAḊ.

I.

Lá da rabas air ṫaob an ġleanna,
  'S mé ag seólaḋ na n-gaṁan fá'n ḃfásaċ,
Casaḋ orm spéir-ḃean ṁaorḋa, ṁaiseaṁuil,
  Ciún, tais, ḃanaṁail, náireaċ;
D'ḟiafraiġeas féin don spéir-ḃean ċailce,
  A d-tiocfaḋ seal am ṗáirtiġeaċd,
'S lé fáineaḋ an lae ḃeaḋ 'm araon ionar seasaṁ
  Ag seólaḋ na n-gaṁnaḋ fá'n ḃ-fásaċ!

II.

Atá crann cuḃarṫa a lúb na coille,
  'S tígiom araon go lá faoi,
Béiḋ ceól na néun dar g-cur ċum codla,
  'S duille is toraḋ a fás air:
A spéir-ḃean ṁodaṁuil na bioḋ ort mairg,
  'S é ċleaċdamar 'n ár ppáisdiḋe;
'S ag imṫeaċd saim féin duit air maidin,
  Geaḃair póg as barra mo láṁ saim!*

---

* The literal meaning of this line is; "you will receive a kiss from me from out of the top of my hand." It shews that

IV.

Fair flower of maids, resign not
  My faithful heart for senseless boor,
Who rich in worldly treasure,
  In all my glorious gifts is poor—
I who, in Autumn evening,
  Can bid the Gaelic song resound,
Or sing the olden glory
  Of Fenian chiefs and kings renown'd!

LEADING THE CALVES.

I.

One evening mild, in summer weather,
  My calves in the wild wood tending,
I saw a maid, in whom together,
  All beauty's charms were blending—
"Permit our flocks to mix," I said,
  "'Tis what a maiden mild would,
And when the shades of night are fled,
  We'll lead our calves from the wild wood."

II.

"There grows a tree in the wild wood's breast,
  We'll stay till morn beneath it,
Where songs of birds invite to rest,
  And leaves and flowers enwreath it—
Mild, modest maid, 'tis not amiss;
  'Twas thus we met in childhood;
To thee at morn my hand I'll kiss,
  And lead the calves through the wild wood!"

the custom of kissing hands in salutation, has prevailed among the Irish peasantry.

III.

Ag seólaḋ na n-gaṁna d'ḟág me 'n baile,
'S ceann ni ḃfaġad go lá ḋioḃ,
Ata m'aṫair gan ċéill am ḋiaiġ san m-baile,
A's mo ṁáṫairín buáḋarṫa cráite;
Ġeaḃam cead saor ó ṁaor na coille,
Feur do ṫaḃairt go lá ḋóiḃ,
'S le fáineaḋ 'n lae béaḋ 'm araon 'nar seasaṁ,
Ag seólaḋ na n-gaṁna fá'n ḃ-fásaċ.

CORMAC OG.

I.

Táid na coilm ag súgraḋ, 's an saṁraḋ ag teaċt,
'S an bláṫ ag briseaḋ tré ṁullaċ na g-crann amaċ,
Air toinn tá'n biolar go triopallaċ, glúneaċ, glas,
'S na corcóga ag sileaḋ le h-iomad de ṡúġaḋ na m-beaċ,

II.

Is iomḋa torṫa a's meas air an g-coill so ṡuas,
A's óig-ḃean ṁaiseaċ ċeart an t-seang-ċoirp suairc,
Ceud bó ḃainne, capall groiḋe, 'gus úain,
Cois Laoi* na m-breac, mo ċreaċ mé air ḋibirt uait!

---

* The river Lee, which rises at Gougan Barra, and dividing as

III.

"With calves I sought the pastures wild;
They've stray'd beyond my keeping—
At home my father calls his child,
And my dear mother's weeping—
The forester, if here they stray,
Perhaps, in friendship mild, would
Permit our stay till the dawn of day,
When we'll lead our calves from the wild wood."

CORMAC OGE.

I.

The pigeons coo—the spring's approaching now,
The bloom is bursting on the leafy bough;
The cresses green o'er streams are clustering low,
And honey-hives with sweets abundant flow.

II.

Rich are the fruits the hazly woods display—
A slender virgin, virtuous, fair, and gay;
With steeds and sheep, of kine a many score,
By trout-stor'd Lee whose banks we'll see no more!

---

it approaches Cork, washes that city on its north and south sides, and, again uniting, forms that beautiful estuary, the harbour of Cork. Spenser speaks of

> "The spreading Lee that, like an island fair,
> Encloseth Cork with his divided flood."

III.

Táid na h-éin ag déanaḋ guṫa agus ceóil,
Táid na laoiġ ag géimneaḋ go treun ċum socair
  na m-bó;
Táid na h-éisg ag reubaḋ corraḋ air an ḃ-feór,
As misi féin a'm aonar a's Cormac óg!

AIR ḂARR NA G-CNOC 'S AN IME G-CEIN.

Seáġan Mac Doṁnaill, cct.

I.

Seal do ḃiosa am ṁaiġdion ṡéiṁ,
Is anois am ḃaintreaċ ċaite ṫréiṫ;
Tá mo ċéile a treaḃaḋ na d-tonn go tréan,
Do ḃárr na g-cnoc 's an ime g-céin,
Cuir fá.
'Sé mo roġa é do ṫoġas do'm féin,
Is maiṫ an doṁuin go d-tabarfuing é,
Air son a ḃeiṫ air bórd a long gan ḃaoġal,
Do ḃarr na g-cnoc 's an ime g-céin!

II.

Is go ḃ-feiceadsa an lá, a stór mo ċléiḃ,
M-béiḋ na clug da m-búallaḋ, is na drumaiḋe
  da léir,
Do ġall trompa ag gaḃáil gaċ áitrioṁ réiḋ,
Do ḃárr na g-cnoc 's an ime g-céin!
Cuir fá.
'Sé mo roġa é do ṫoġas, 7c. 7c.

[*] This song is said to be the first Jacobite effort attempted by M'Donnell. If this be so, the prince whose exile he deplores is

III.

The little birds pour music's sweetest notes,
The calves for milk distend their bleating throats;
Above the weirs the silver salmon leap,
While Cormac Ogé and I all lonely weep!

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

I.

Once I bloom'd a maiden young,
A widow's woe now moves my tongue;
My true love's barque ploughs ocean's spray,
Over the hills and far away.

CHORUS.

Oh! had I worlds, I'd yield them now,
To place me on his tall barque's prow,
Who was my choice through childhood's day,
Over the hills and far away!

II.

Oh! may we yet our lov'd one meet,
With joy-bells' chime and wild drums' beat;
While summoning war-trump sounds dismay,
Over the hills and far away!
Oh! had I worlds, &c. &c.

James, the son of the deposed monarch, James II., in whose favour the Scotch revolted in the year 1715.

III.

Is go ḃ-feiceadsa coróin air stór mo ċléiḃ,
Do ṫógfaḋ ceó agus brón do ġaoḋail,
Gaċ Riġ atá ansa doṁan dá ṁéid
Ag úṁlaċt ḋó le coṁnaḋ Dé.
Cuir fa.
'Sé mo roġa é do ṫoġas 7c. 7c.

IV.

Gráḋ mo ċroiḋese an Prionns an Réx,
Sé siúd an réalta ġniḋean dúinn teas,
Gur binne liom ná ceól na n-éan,
Do ḃarr na g-cnoc 's an ime g-céin,
Cuir fa.
'Sé mo roġa é do ṫoġas, 7c. 7c.

V.

Suiġfead síos air ċnoc go h-árd,
Is ġeaḃad ó Homer cleite am láiṁ,
Ma ġeiḃim toil go sgrioḃad mo ṡáiṫ,
Air ġníoṁarṫa suilt is maiṫ mo ġráḋ.

Cuir fa.

Sé mo roġa é do ṫoḃas dom féin,
Is maiṫ an doṁuin go d-tabarfuinn é,
Ċum a ḃeiṫ air bórd a long gan ḃaoġal,
Do ḃarr na g-cnoc 's an ime g-céin!

III.

Oh! that my hero had his throne,
That Erin's cloud of care were flown,
That proudest prince would own his sway,
Over the hills and far away!
Oh! had I worlds, &c. &c.

IV.

My bosom's love, that prince afar,
Our king, our joy, our orient star;
More sweet his voice than wild bird's lay,
Over the hills and far away!
Oh! had I worlds, &c. &c.

V.

A high, green hill I'll quickly climb,
And tune my harp to song sublime,
And chant his praise the live-long day,
Over the hills and far away!

CHORUS.

Oh! had I worlds, I'd yield them now,
To place me on his tall barque's prow,
Who was my choice through childhood's day,
Over the hills and far away!

MUIRNÍN NA GRUAIGE BAINE.*

I.

A m-baile na h-inse† ṡiar,
A tá mo ġráḋ le bliaḋain,
Is áilne í 'na grian an t-saṁra—
'S go b-fásann mil 'na diaiḋ,
Air long a cos san t-sliaḃ,
Dá fraire an sair taréis na Saṁna—
Do ġeaḃainn gan stad mo ċiall,
Da n-gaḃainn í am lion,
As ċuirfinnse an brón-so ḋíom gan ḃraiḋreaḋ.
Air ċoṁairle rsgaḋ riaṁ
Ní ṗósfad aċt mo ṁian,
Sí Muirnín na grúaige báine.

II.

Ag Droiċead na h-aiḃne móire‡
Ċonairceas mo stóraċ,
Ainnḟir ḋeas na n-ór-ḟolt ḃ-fáinneaċ,
'S go m-ba ṁilse go fada a póg,
Ná mil 's ná siúcraḋ air bórd,
S ná deaġ-ḃlas roġail fíon Spáinneaċ.
A dá ċíoċ ċorra cruinn,
Bán, ṁilis, crṁra breáġ,

---

* This beautiful song is preserved in Hardiman's "Minstrelsy," vol. i., but is left there untranslated.

† Literally, *the Town of the Island*—Ballinahinch, in the county of Galway, where was founded, in 1856, a monastery of Carmelite friars. On a small island in the lake of Ballinahinch,

BELOVED OF THE FLAXEN TRESSES.

I.

At the *Town of the Isle*, my dear
Abides this long, long year,
Than the summer sun more brightly shining;
Where'er her footsteps go,
Fair honey-flowers will grow,
Even though 'twere winter's dark declining!
If to my net she sped,
'Twould ease my heart and head,
Where cruel love his burning brand impresses;
For all that living be,
I'll choose no mate but thee,
Beloved of the flaxen tresses!

II.

At the bridge of the Avonmore,
I saw my bosom's store,
The maiden of the ringlets yellow—
More sweet her kisses be
Than honey from the tree,
Or festive Spanish wine, of flavour mellow!
Her bosom, globes of white,
Sweet, fragrant, perfect, bright,

---

are the ruins of a castle erected in the time of Elizabeth. A river runs from the lake into Roundstone Bay.

‡ The Owenmore, a river of the county Mayo, flowing into Blacksod Bay.

Mar ṡneaċta ḃiad dá ċárnaḋ air ṡléiḃtiḃ;
'S go n-goireann an ċraċ gaċ am,
A lár an ġeiṁriḋ ṫall,
'S a m-baile m-biḋeann mo ġráḋ d'á bréagaḋ.

III.

Dá ḃ-faġainn-se mo roġa
De ṁnáiḃ ḋeasa an doṁain,
Agss fáġaiṁ orrṫa roġain ṡásta,
'S réir, mar a deir na leaḃair,
Ta'n ċraeḃ aici ós a g-cionn,
'S táid na ceudta fear go dúḃaċ a n-gráḋ léi.
'S é samail-seo do ṁolaḋ
Leis an g-cérd ríġ Solaṁ,
'S is aici so tá an rosc is áilne;
Réiḋiġ mo ḋoċar,
'Gus saer mé o ḃás obann,
A Ṁuirnín na gruaige báine.

AN ROS ĠEAL DUBH.*

I.

Is fada an réim do ṫug me féin
O'ndé go niú,
An iomall sléiḃ amuiġ, go h-mealta, éadtrom,
Mar a b'eolaċ liom,

---

* *Rôs geal dubh, the white-skinned, black-haired Rose*, is one of those allegorical, political songs, so common in Ireland. The poet sings of his country under the similitude of a distressed maiden, to whom he is ardently attached. In the allusions to the pope and clergy, we behold the hopes of obtaining assistance from the Catholic powers of Europe. The concluding stanza vividly shews

Like drifted snow the mountain's breast that presses—
The cuckoo's notes resound,
In winter, where thou'rt found,
Beloved of the flaxen tresses!

III.

Oh! if the boon were mine,
From beauty's ranks divine,
To choose for aye the fairest maiden,
'Twere her to whom sweet lays
Consign the palm of praise,
For whom a thousand hearts with love are laden.
Such maid did once inspire
The Hebrew monarch's lyre;
But, oh! thine eye more dignity expresses—
Relieve my woe, I crave;
Oh! snatch me from the grave,
Beloved of the flaxen tresses!

ROS GAL DUBH.

I.

A long, long way since yesterday
I wildly sped,
O'er mountain steep and valley deep,
With airy tread;

---

the bloody struggle that would take place ere Rose, his beloved Ireland, would be yielded to the foe.

Hardiman's "Minstrelsy" has a different form of this song, but this is the popular version in the South, and is said to be as old as the time of Elizabeth.

Loċ Eirne go léimfinn,
    Cé gur mór í an ṁuir,
Gan am ḋiaiḋ már ġile gréine
    Aċt mo Rós ġeal duḃ!

II.

Go d-tí'n áonaċ má ṫéiġean tú
    A díol do stuic,
Ma ṫéiġean tú, ná fan déaġnaċ
    'S an oiḋċe amuiġ;
Bioḋ ḃoltaiḋ air do ḋoirse,
    Is mór glas-cip,
Nó as baoġal duit an Cléireaċ
    Do'n Rós ġeal duḃ!

III.

A Róisín na bioḋ brón ort,
    Na cás anois,
Tá do ṗárdún ón Róiṁ
    Is ón ṗápa agum,
Tá na bráiṫre teaċt ṫar sáile,
    Is a d-triall ṫar muir,
Is ní ceilfear fion Spáineaċ air
    Mo Rós geal duḃ!

IV.

Ta gráḋ agam am lár ḋuit
    Le bliaġain anois,
Gráḋ cráite, gráḋ cásṁar,
    Gráḋ cioparṫa,

Loch Earne's tide, though its wave be wide,
I'd leap above,
Were my guiding light that sunburst bright,
The *Rós geal dubh!*

II.

If to the fair you would repair
To sell your flocks,
I pray secure your every door
With bolts and locks;
Nor linger late from the guarded gate,
When abroad you rove,
Or the clerk will play through the live-long day,
With *Rós geal dubh!*

III.

My dearest Rose, why should these woes
Dishearten thee?
The Pope of Rome hath sent thee home
A pardon free—
A priestly train, o'er the briny main,
Shall greet my love,
And wine of Spain to thy health we'll drain,
My *Rós geal dubh!*

IV.

My love sincere is centred here
This year and more—
Love sadly vexing, love perplexing,
Love painful, sore,

Gráḋ ḋ'ḟág mé gan sláinte,
Gan rian, gan ruiṫ,
Is go braṫ, braṫ gan aon ḟaill agam
Air Rós ġeal duḃ!

V.

Do ṡiúḃaflainnsi an Muṁan leat,
Is ciúṁas na g-cnoc,
Mar ṡúil go b-faiġinn rún ort
No páirt le cion;
A ċraoḃ cúrṫa, tugṫar dúinne,
Go b-fuil gráḋ agut dam;
Is gur b'í plúr-sgoiṫ na m-ban ṁúinnte,
Mo Rós ġeal duḃ.

VI.

Béiḋ an ḟaraige na tuilte dearga,
Is an spéir na fuil,
Béiḋ an saoġal na ċoga craorac,
Do ḋruim na g-cnoc,
Béiḋ gaċ gleann sléiḃe air fud Éireann,
A's móinte air criṫ,
Lá éigin sul a n-éagfaiḋ
Mo Rós ġeal duḃ!

Love, whose rigour hath crush'd my vigour,
Thrice hopeless love,
While fate doth sever me ever, ever,
From *Rós geal dubh!*

V.

Within thy heart could I claim a part,
One secret share—
We'd shape our flight, o'er the wild hills' height,
Towards Munster fair;
Branch of beauty's tree, it seems to me
I have thy love—
And the mildest flower of hall or bower,
Is *Rós geal dubh!*

VI.

The sea outspread shall be raging red,
All blood the skies—
And crimson war shall shout afar
Where the wild hills rise—
Each mountain glen and mossy fen,
In fear shall move,
Some future day, ere thou pass away,
My *Rós geal dubh!*

BAN-CHNOIC EIREAN OĠ.*

I.

Is fairsing 's fáilteaċ an áit do ḃeiṫ a n-Eirinn,
Uileacán duḃ O!
Mar a m-biḋeann toraḋ na sláinte a m-bárr na
déise ann,
Uileacán duḃ O!
Biḋeann an ṁil air an g-crann añ, a n-gleañtaiḃ
ceoiḋ,
'S na srrṫa is an t-saṁra ann, a g-cuṁair gaċ
róid,
Biḋeañ uisge 'n a ṡruñill ann, a's drúċd am nóin,
Air bán-ċnoic Eireañ oġ!

II.

Is baċallaċ, buacaċ, dralaċ dréimneaċ,
Uileacán duḃ O!
Gaċ faraire a ġlúaiseas ó ċśantaiḃ na h-Eireañ
Uileacán duḃ O!
Raċfadsa air crairḋ, má's bran mo ṡaoġal
ḃéiḋeas,
Go talaṁ an tsśairceas mar ar dral do ṡaoġal
ḃeiṫ,
Do b'ḟearr liom 'ná ḃur n-dualgas giḋ mór le
mśiḋeaṁ ḃeiṫ,
Air bán-ċnoic Eireañ óġ!

---

* *Ban-chnoic Eirean ógh*, literally, *the fair Hills of Virgin Ireland.* This song speaks the ardent love of the Irish exile for

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE OGH.

I.

Beautiful and wide are the green fields of Erin,
Uileacán dubh O!
With life-giving grain in the golden corn therein,
Uileacán dubh O!
And honey in the woods of the mist-wreaths deep,
And in the summer by the paths the bright streams leap,
At burning noon, rich, sparkling dew the fair flowers steep,
On the fair hills of Eire Ogh!

II.

How clustering his ringlets, how lofty his bearing,
Uileacán dubh O!
Each warrior leaving the broad bays of Erin,
Uileacán dubh O!
Would heaven grant the hope in my bosom swelling,
I'd seek that land of joy in life's gifts excelling,
Beyond your rich rewards, I'd choose a lowly dwelling,
On the fair hills of Eire Ogh!

his native land. It is said to have been written by an Irish student in one of the colleges of France.

III.

Is tairḃeaċ 's is mór iad cruaċa na h-Eireañ,
Uileacán duḃ O!
Biḋeann an t-im a's an túaċdar ag gluaiseaċt
'na slaod ann,
Uileacán duḃ O!
Biḋeañ an biollar air an d-toinn ann a's saṁaḋ
bog sóġail,
A's na craċa ag laḃairt ann ó ló go ló,
'S an smóilín uasal is fraim-ḃinne ceól,
Air ḃán-ċnoic Eireañ óġ!

UAILL CUṀAIḊ AN ṀANGAIRE SUGAIĊ.*

I.

A ḋalta ḋil an dainid leat mo ċás anois,
Am ċarta ag an Eaglais gan fáiṫ air biṫ,
An aicme seo ní ġlacaid me aċt am ḟáganaire,
'S ní ġabaid liom am Phrotestant 'na'm Phápaire!

II.

Deir pearsa'ca gur cearaṁaċ neaṁ-gnáiṫfeaċ
mé,
'S cé go n-adḃaim gur Sagsanaċ da láṫair mé,

---

* Andrew Magrath, commonly called the *Mangaire Sugach*, or *jolly merchant*, having been expelled from the Roman Catholic Church for his licentious life, offered himself as a convert to the

III.

Gainful and large are the corn-stacks of Erin,
Uileacán dubh O!
Yellow cream and butter abound ever therein,
Uileacán dubh O!
And sorrel soft and cresses where bright streams stray,
And speaking cuckoos fill the grove the live-long day,
And the little thrush so noble of sweetest-sounding lay,
On the fair hills of Eire ógh!

LAMENT OF THE MANGAIRE SUGACH.

I.

Beloved! do you pity not my doleful case—
Pursu'd by priest and minister in dire disgrace;
The Churchmen brand the vagabond upon my brow,
O! they'll take me not as Protestant or Papist now!

II.

The parson calls me wanderer and homeless knave—
And though I boast the Saxon creed with aspect grave,

---

doctrines of Protestantism; but the Protestant clergyman having also refused to accept him, the unfortunate *Mangaire* gave vent to his feelings in this lament.

Deir 'n úair sgaram leis gur ag Aifrionn is gnáiṫiḋe mé,
'S naċ ceaċdar sin me, Protestant na Pápaire!

III.

Dearḃan gan dearmad naċ fuláir leis mé,
Do ċarta nois le h-aċtana do láṫair, ceirt
Go raċa liom ċum aċarainn gan spás air biṫ,
'S go g-caiṫfead ḃeiṫ am Phrotestant no am Phápaire!

IV.

An Sagart deir gur feannaire neaṁ-áṫḃarac mé,
'S go d-taraingim le mangaireaċd na mná ċum ulc;
Gur measa mé na fógaire ata le broid,
S naċ gaḃaid liom am Phrotestant na 'm Phápaire!

V.

A deir dá ḟreagraḋ gur eaċdranaċ gan náire mé,
'S naċ taiṫnioṁaċ mo ḃearta ná mo ċáile leis;
Naċ aiṫreaċ me aċd racaire ata gan strus,
A ċleaċdas ḃeiṫam Protestant 's am Phápaire!

VI.

Ní carṫanaċd fá deara ḋó ná grán do ḟult,
Mo ḃeartasa do ṫagra do láṫair Sgoit,
Ní measda ḋó mo ṁaslasa a g-cás air biṫ,
Be aca sin me Protestant nó Pápaire!

He says that claim my Popish face must disallow,
Although I'm neither Protestant nor Papist now!

III.

He swears (and oh! he'll keep his oath) he's firmly bent
To hunt me down by penal Acts of Parliament;
Before the law's coercive might to make me bow,
And choose between the Protestant and Papist now!

IV.

The priest me deems a satirist of luckless lay,
Whose merchant-craft hath often led fair maids astray;
And worse than hunted fugitive all disavow,
He'll take me not a Protestant or Papist now!

V.

That further, I'm a foreigner devoid of shame,
Of hateful, vile, licentious life, and evil name;
A ranting, rhyming wanderer, without a cow,
Who now is deem'd a Protestant—a Papist now!

VI.

Alas! it was not charity or Christian grace
That urged to drag my deeds before the Scotic race—
What boots it him to write reproach upon my brow,
Whether they deem me Protestant or Papist now?

VII.

Ca fada do ḃi Magdalen is Dáiḃi an Riġ,
Air mearaḃall, is Pól abstal ċúr na táinte a
m-broid,
Do glacaḋ iad nuair ċasadar a g-cáil sá g-cion,
Is ceaċdar dioḃ nior Protestant na Pápaire!

VIII.

Os feasaċ mé air dearmad gan fáiṫ gan fios,
Is gur fada me air mearaḃall gan áit air biṫ,
Caiṫfiod cur le h-aṫaraċ na d-táinte sin,
Do ġaḃas liom am Phrotestant no'm Phápaire!

IX.

A ḋalta ḋil, cá raċadsa ċum fáġain anois,
O caṫaḋ mé as an Eaglais 'sgo d-tárla 'muġ;
Caiṫfead ḃeiṫ am Ċálḃinist no'm Airian oilc,
O sgaras ḃeiṫ am Phrotestant no'm Phápaire!

An Ceangal.

Féaċ an t'abstal Peadair do ṗeacaiḋ fá ṫri
air d-túis,
Ag séanaḋ a ċaraid gur glacaḋ arís go h-úṁal;
'Sa Ḋia ḋil aċnuim ce sgaras le dliġe na n-úrd,
Mar aon le Peadair an Mangaire sgaoil ad
ḋún!

VII.

Lo! David, Israel's poet-king and Magdaléne,
And Paul, who of the Christian creed the foe had been—
Did Heaven, when sorrow fill'd their heart, reject their vow,
Though they were neither Protestant nor Papist now?

VIII.

O! since I weep my wretched heart to evil prone,
A wanderer in the paths of sin, all lost and lone—
At other shrines with other flocks I fain must bow,
Who'll take me, whether Protestant or Papist now!

IX.

Beloved! whither can I flee for peace at last,
When thus beyond the Church's pale I'm rudely cast?
The Arian creed or Calvinist I must avow,
When sever'd from the Protestant and Papist now!

THE SUMMING-UP.

See Peter th' Apostle, whose lapses from grace were three,
Denying the Saviour, was granted a pardon free—
O God! though the *Mangairé* from him thy mild laws cast,
Receive him, like Peter, to dwell in THY HOUSE at last!

CUPAN UI H-EAĠRA.*

Cearḃallán ró ċán.

I.

Da m-béiḋinnsi amuiċ a n-Arain
  Nó a n-gar Gleann-na-sésd
Mar a n-glúaiseann gaċ sár-long
  Le cláiréad a's le méad
B'feárr liom é mar ḟásaṁ
  Agss fáġaim é ḋaṁ féin
Cupán geal Ui Eaġra
  Agus ḟáġail lán le mo ḃeul!

II.

Cad é b'áill liom 'g á ċur a g-céil
  'S a liaċt áiġ maiṫ 'n a ḋeiġ,
Is gur b'é deir ollḋáṁ na h-áite
  Dar mo láṁsa ní bréug—
Ṫoirḋealḃaiċ Ḃriain aġaṁail
  Tar tráṫ fa mo ḋéin
Go n-ólfam as an t-sár-ċupán
  Sláinte ḃreáġ Ċéin.

---

* *Cupán ui Eaghra, the Cup of O'Hara.* This is one of the celebrated Carolan's songs, and was composed by the harper to celebrate the hospitality of Kean O'Hara, a gentleman of ancient family in the county Sligo.

THE CUP OF O'HARA.

I.

Were I over in Arran,
Or wild Glan-na-Séud,
Where tall barks of swiftness
Bear claret and mead;
'Twere joy to my bosom,
In gladness to sip
O'Hara's bright wine-cup,
Fill'd high to my lip!

II.

Why praise what is sought for
By old man and youth,
While the doctors and sages
(By this hand I am sooth)
Cry, Turlogh, sweet harper,
Come timely to drain
That costly, tall wine-cup,
To the health of brave Kean!

A RAIḂ TU AG AN G-CARRAIG.*

I.

An raiḃ tú ag an g-Carraig, nó ḃ-faca tú féin mo ġráḋ,
Nó a ḃ-faca tú gile, finne, agus sgéiṁ na mná,
Nó a ḃ-faca tú an t-uḃal ba cúḃarṫa is ba ṁillse bláṫ,
Nó a ḃ-faca tú mo ḃalantíne nó a ḃ-fuil sí d'a claoiḋ mar táim?

II.

Do ḃíosa ag an g-Carraig, is do ċonairc me féin do ġráḋ,
Do ċonairc mé gile, finne, agus sgéiṁ na mná,
Do ċonairc mé an tuḃal ba cúḃarṫa is ba ṁillse bláṫ,
Do ċonairc mé do balantín agus ní'l sí da clroiḋ mar táir!

III.

Is fiú cúig ġuinea gach riḃe da gruaig mar ór,
Is fiú oiread eile a cuideaċta úair raiḃ ló;
A cúilín trom tripiliċ a tuitim léi síos go feóir
'Sa ċuaiċín na finne, ar ṁiste do ṡláinte d'ól?

---

* This is a song of the South, but there are so many places of the name of Carrick such as Carrick-on-Shannon, Carrick-on-Suir, &c., &c., that I cannot fix its precise locality. In this truly Irish song, when the pining swain learns that his absent mistress is not

HAVE YOU BEEN AT CARRICK?

Have you been at Carrick, and saw you my true-love there?
And saw you her features, all beautiful, bright, and fair?
Saw you the most fragrant, flowering, sweet apple-tree?—
O! saw you my lov'd one, and pines she in grief like me?

II.

I have been at Carrick, and saw thy own true-love there;
And saw, too, her features, all beautiful, bright, and fair;
And saw the most fragrant, flowering, sweet apple-tree—
I saw thy lov'd one—she pines not in grief, like thee!

III.

Five guineas would price every tress of her golden hair—
Then think what a treasure her pillow at night to share,
These tresses thick-clustering and curling around her brow—
O, Ringlet of Fairness! I'll drink to thy beauty now!

love-sick like himself, he praises the beauty of her copious hair, throws off a glass to her health, enumerates his sufferings, and swears to forego the sex for ever; but she suddenly bursts upon his view, his resolves vanish into thin air, and he greets his glorious maid with such a welcome as an Irish lover alone can give!

IV.

'N úair ḃím-se am ċoḋla bian osnaḋ gan ḃríġ am ċliaḃ,
Is mé am luiḋ eadar cnocaiḃ go d-tigiḋ an dúaċ aniar;
A ruin ḋil s'a ċogair ní'l fortaċt mo ċuis aċt Dia,
Is go n-deannaḋ loċ fola do ḟolus mo ṡuil ad ḋiaiḋ!

V.

Is go d-tigiḋ an ċáisg air lár an ḟoġṁair ḃuiḋe,
Is lá ḟéil Pátruig lá nó ḋó na ḋiaiġ,
Go ḃ-fása an bláṫ bán tre lár mo ċoṁira ċaol,
Páirt da gráḋ go braṫ ní ṫabarfad do ṁnaoi!

VI.

Siúd í sios an Ríoġ-ḃean áluinn óg,
A ḃfuil a gruaig léi sgaoilte sios go béal a bróg,
S í an eala í mar an litir do ṡiolraiġ ón t-sár ḟuil ṁór,
Ċaraid ġeal mo ċroiḋe, céad mile fáilte roṁat!

IV.

When seeking to slumber, my bosom is rent with
sighs—
I toss on my pillow till morning's blest beams arise;
No aid, bright Beloved! can reach me save God above,
For a blood-lake is form'd of the light of my eyes with
love!

V.

Until yellow Autumn shall usher the Paschal day,
And Patrick's gay festival come in its train alway—
Until through my coffin the blossoming boughs shall
grow,
My love on another I'll never in life bestow!

VI.

Lo! yonder the maiden illustrious, queen-like, high,
With long-flowing tresses adown to her sandal-tie—
Swan, fair as the lily, descended of high degree,
A myriad of welcomes, dear maid of my heart, to thee!

NORA AN ĊUIL OMRA.

I.

A Nóra an ċúil ómra,
  'Sé mo ḃrónsa naċ ḃ-feudaim
Láṁ do ċur faoi 'd ċeann-sa,
  Nó a m-brollaċ do léine;
Is tú d-ḟág mo ċeann-sa
  Gan únsa air biṫ céille,
A's go n-éalóċainn tar toinn leat,
  A rúin-ṡearc dá ḃ-feudfainn!

A ḃaill iṁtinn ċroiḋe stiġ,
  Ná déansa liom bréag,
A's gur ġeall tú mo ṗósaḋ
  Gan feoirlinn 's an t-saoġal;
Ṡiúḃailfinnse air an n-drúċd leat,
  A's ni ḃrúiġfinn leat an feur;
A's a Nóra an ċúil ómra,
  Is deas a ṗógfainn do ḃeul!

III.

Taoḃ ṫall de'n Mhuaiḋ
  Tá stór geal mo ċroiḋe
A cúl tiuġ mar an t-ómar
  Lé 'r ċaill mé mo ġnaoiḋ
Guiḋim-si Riġ an doṁnaiċ
  Go d-tionntoiġe an ġaoṫ,
A's go ḃ-feiciḋ mé mo ḃólaċt
  Ag gaḃail bóiṫre Baile-áṫ-buiḋe.

AMBER-HAIR'D NORA.

I

O! amber-hair'd Nora,
That thy fair head could rest
On the arm that would shelter
Or circle thy breast!
Thou hast stolen all my brain, love,
And then left me lone—
Though I'd cross o'er the main, love,
To call thee mine own!

II.

Why, maid of my bosom,
Should falsehood be thine?
Thou hast promis'd to wed me,
Though wealth were not mine;
The dew-sprinkled grass, love,
Scarce feels my light feet,
And, amber-hair'd Nora,
My kisses are sweet!

III.

My fair one is dwelling
By Moy's lovely vale—
Her rich locks of amber
Have left my cheek pale—
May the king of the Sabbath
Yet grant me to see
My herds in the green lanes
Of fair Baile-ath-Buidhe!

AN BHRUINNEALL MHEIRBH.

I.

Maidin ċeóḋaċ nuair d'éiriġeas,
Is ċuaḋas amaċ fá'n g-coill ġlas,
Is ann do ḃúail an tréiġid mé
Naċ leiġisfear, faraor;
Do ċrala an ḃruiñeall ṁeidreaċ,
A lúib na coille droiġneaċ,
Do ṗreab mo ċroiḋe le grean̄ di,
Gur ḋéiġ-ḃean dam í!

II.

'N rair ġaḃaimse amaċ na bánta,
Agrr ċíḋimse raim mo ġráḋ geal,
A dreaċ mar rós a n-gáirdín,
Is bláṫ geal na n-ŕḃall,
Is breaġa í na Venus
An tan d'fág sí an trern-ṁuir;
A dá ċíċ ċruiñe caoṁa,
'S as éadrom a siúḃal!

III.

'Sé do ġráḋsa ċlaoiḋiġ mé,
'S is mairg áit a m-biḋean sé!
Cuirean se a nŕṁail don t-saoġal so,
An ċnoiḋ do ġniḋ an gráḋ,
Is fada ḋaṁ dá foiġneaṁ,
Aċ caiṫfead fearda é iñsin,
Gur 'bé do ġráḋsa ṁeall mé,
Naċ ḃ-faiġiḋ mé go bráṫ!

THE GRACEFUL MAIDEN.

I.

One morn when mists did hover
The green-wood's foliage over,
'Twas then I did discover
How painful love may be;
A maid, 'mid shades concealing,
Pour'd forth her voice of feeling,
And love came o'er me stealing,
She's a dear maid to me!

II.

When through the valleys roaming,
I see my bright love coming,
Like garden-rose all blooming,
Or flower of the apple-tree;
Bright Venus she's excelling
Fresh from her ocean-dwelling,
Her soft, round bosom swelling,
Her foot-falls light and free.

III.

"Thy love hath left me dying;
The heart where love is lying
Will find what torment trying
Round ruin'd hopes may twine;
And long I've borne the token,
But now it must be spoken,
How thou my heart hast broken,
Who never canst be mine!"

IV.

A óig-ḟir áiġ, da m-féidir
Go m' ḟírinne do sgéalsa,
Do leiġisfin féin ó'n b-péin tú,
  Da m-béidir liom a rúin;
Tá mo ċaraid air gaċ taoḃ ḋiom,
A's coruġaḋ amaċ ni ḟéadaim,
Aċ cuirid cundas geur or'm
  Ca d-téiġimse ċum siúḃail.

V.

Aiṫris dóiḃ, a spéir ḃean,
Go raċfainn seal ag aeruiġeaċt,
Go ḃ-fuil tú tuirseaċ tréiṫ-lag,
  A's d'iñtiñ go duḃaċ;
Geaḃaiḋ tú mise, am aonar,
A luib na coille craoḃuiġe;
A's go deiṁin ma ḋéanainn bréag liom,
  A's daor ort mo ċuis!

VI.

A's iomḋa ġeallaṁuin ḃréige,
Do ṫug tú riaṁ ó'd ḃéal dam,
Fad ḃeiṫ grian air aeḋar,
  Agus feur glas a fás;
Go d-treaḃfaċ caoire maola,
Air ċúl a g-cinn, na sléibte,
Naċ n-déanfaḋ m' aṫruġaḋ ċéile,
  A's féaċ anois mar tá!

IV.

"O! thou of misery telling,
If truth thy tongue's impelling,
I'd ease the pain that's quelling
Thy life, were mine the cure.
But watchful friends surround me,
With promise strict they've bound me,
And if they wandering found me,
What ills might I endure!"

V

"Tell them, O, light-limb'd maiden,
Thy bloom with grief is fading—
Where groves are foliage-laden,
Thou'lt stray all lonelily:
I'll for thy coming pine, love,
Where the dark wood's boughs entwine, love,
And O! what guilt is thine, love,
If false thou be to me!"

VI.

"Alas! how oft thou'st riven
The vow thy lips had given,
While shone the light of heaven,
Or verdure deck'd the plain,
Till sheep, each silly rover,
Would plough the mountains over,
Thou wouldst be my true lover—
But lo! the hope is vain!"

VII.

Gléasfaiḋ mé long seóltaiḋe,
A's raċfaiḋ mé go Flanḋruis,
A measg na d-tíorṫa gallda,
A's na ḋiaiḋ sin raiġead don Spáin—
A ṁaiġdean ṁaisiġ, ṁoḋṁaraiġ,
Ní ḟillfiḋ mé níos mó ort,
Bíoḋ do roġa fear pósda agad,
Do róṁarfaiḋ ḋuit an bán!

ḊUAN AN ḂADORA.

I.

A ḃarc, b'anam ṫú a n-anacair na d-tonnarac n-árd,
Cáisg coḃartaċ giḋ buḋ barḃarḋa trom é an lá,
Tráṫ lasaiḋ an ḟairge ó ḃonn go bár,
Lán coirn ḋí ní ġaḃan ó stiuir go crann!

Cuir fa.

A bár a lán, a bár a lán,
A ġráḋ na rún, a ċuid de'n t-saoġal,
A lán—'sí an bád breaḋ seoil!

---

* *Duan an Bhadóra, the Boatman's Song.* I have copied this spirited sea-song from the second volume of Mr. Hardiman's "Minstrelsy," where it is left untranslated. Mr. Hardiman says

VII.

" And now, with white sails flowing,
To Flanders I'll be going;
I'll seek the vineyards growing
In distant Gaul and Spain—
Proud maid, no more I'll woo thee,
No more with love pursue thee;
Another mate may sue thee,
And plough for thee the plain!"

THE BOAT SONG.

I.

Bark, scorning every peril of the angry spray,
Safe shelter mid the terrors of the storm-compass'd way;
When yawning billows redly roll from ocean's cave,
From stern unto quivering mast she ships no wave!

CHORUS.

A flowing tide, a flowing tide,
My secret love, my worldly store,
Flowing—my brave sailing boat!

that this marine ode is "well known along many parts of the Irish coast, but particularly the west." A translation of this and other Irish songs, by Mr. Samuel Ferguson, will be found in the Dublin University Magazine for November, 1834.

II.

Tráṫ ġléasfann sé a h-éadaċ gan fiar gan ċam,
De'n g-cael anairt gleġeil ó na h-Indiaċa anall,
Cael-ḃarc seang siogánda ag an ċuir Dia an
  greann,
A's dá ḃ-feicfeá anaġaiḋ an lae i 's i ag éiriġ-
  eaḋ as gal!
A bár a lán, 7c.

III.

A Ḋaoilein,* a ċroin-ċarraig ġarḃ gan sgáṫ,
Air an nsaḋ-ḃarc-so fúm-sa breaṫnuiġ do ṡáṫ,
An ċuiṁin leat, 's an g-cran-so, go ḃ-faca tú
  bád
Gan ċontaḃairt tonn-ḃarra gearraḋ mar táim?
A bár a lán, 7c.

IV.

As cuiṁin liom, a duḃairt Daoilean gur carraig
  mé do ġnáṫ,
'S gur ab' air an g-cran so is búan dam ag aṁarc
  gaċ lá,
Aċ slínteóg ni ṫaḃarfaim air a ḃ-facas de ḃáid
Seaċ an nuaḋ-ḃarc a's a complaċt ag tarraing
  's an t-snáṁ!
A bár a lán, 7c.

* * * * * * * *

---

* *Daoilean*, a rock off Blacksod Bay.

II.

When draperied in her glorious trim of stainless die,
The snow-white sails of canvass bleach'd 'neath India's sky,
Saw you her arrowy figure cleave the ocean vast,
God's favourite mounting on the wave before the blast!
A flowing tide, &c. &c.

III.

O, Dielion, tempest-beaten rock, all rough and dark,
Look forth, and see beneath me now this bounding bark,
And say, if e'er thou boat beheld within this bay,
Wave-mounted, cleaving, confident, like mine today!
A flowing tide, &c. &c.

IV.

Then answer'd ancient Dielion thus—"long ages o'er,
I've look'd abroad upon the bay that girds the shore—
But look'd in vain for boat or bark so swift and brave
As thine and all its gallant crew, to stem the wave!"
A flowing tide, &c. &c.

* * * * * * *

V.

A aṫair na n-dúl, tabair dúinn-ne diḋean na
  tráiġe,
Gabaim do ċomairce súd í a n-íos an bád,
Tre ġarb ṫonntaib foḃaḋaċ fá ċioċras ġnáṫ,
A's muna m-barraiḋ do ċuṁaċt gaḃan sí trí mo
  lár!*
A bán a lán, 7c.

SLAN LE MAIG.†

An Mangaire Súgach, cct.

I.

Slán a's céad ón d-taoḃso uaim,
Cois Máige na g-caor, na g-craoḃ, na g-cruaċ,
Na stáid, na seud na saor, na sluaġ,
Na n-dán, na n-dreaċt, na d-tréan gan ġruaim!
Uċ oċ ón! is breoite mise,
Gan ċúd, gan ċóir, gan ċóip, gan ċiste,
Gan sult, gan seód, gan spóirt, gan spionnaḋ
O seólaḋ mé ċum uaignis!

II.

Slán go h-éag da saór-fir suairc,
Da 'dáiṁ dá cléir, dá h-éigs' da suaḋ,

---

* There is a want of strict connexion between this stanza and the preceding one. The intervening passages necessary to the sense seem to have been lost.

V.

FATHER OF NATURE! how that boat comes dashing down,
Impetuous where the foamy surges darkly frown—
O! may THY mercy yield us now the sheltering shore,
Or yonder terror-striking bark shall whelm us o'er!
A flowing tide, &c. &c.

FAREWELL TO THE MAIG.

I.

A long farewell I send to thee,
Fair Maig of corn and fruit and tree,
Of state and gift, and gathering grand,
Of song, romance, and chieftain bland.
Uch, och ón! dark fortune's rigour—
Wealth, title, tribe of glorious figure,
Feast, gift—all gone, and gone my vigour,
Since thus I wander lonely!

II.

Farewell for aye to the hearts I prize,
The poets, priests, and sages wise,

---

† The River Maig, in the county Limerick.

Dom ċáirde cléiḃ, gan ċlaon, gan ċluain,
Gan ċáim, gan ċaon, gan ċraos gan ċrúas!
Oċ oċ ón, 7c.

III.

Slán da éis dá béiṫe uaim,
Da mnáiḃ go léir, da sgéiṁ, da snuaḋ,
Dá g-cáil, da g-céil, da g-caon, da g-cuaird,
Da b-prásg, da b-pléid, da méin, da m-buaḋ!
Oċ oċ ón, 7c.

IV.

Slán tar aon don té dar dual,
An ḃáin-ċnis ḃéasaċ, ḃéaltais, ḃuadaċ,
Ċuir tráṫ ċum sléiḃ a gcéin am suaig,
Si gráḋ mo ċléiḃ bi néirinn ċuaiḋ!
Oċ oċ ón, 7c.

V.

Is faġnaċ faon mé, is fraoċṁar, fuar,
Is taṁlag, tréiṫ, 's is taomaċ, truaḋ,
A m-barr an tsléiḃ gan aon, monuar!
Am ṗáirt aċt fraoċ a's gaoṫ a d-tuaiḋ!
Oċ oċ ón, 7c.

VI.

Don t-sráid 'n uair ṫéiġim mar aon air cuairt,
Ni h-áil leó mé, a's ni réiġid leam ċlúaiṅ,
Biḋ mná le ċéile ag pléiḋ da luaḋ,
Ca h-áit? ca h-é? é taoḃ an ġluais?
Oċ oċ ón, 7c.

And bosom friends, whose boards display
Fair temperance blent with plenty gay!
Uch, och ón, &c. &c.

III.

Farewell to the maids my memories bless,
To all the fair, to their comeliness,
Their sense, their fame, their mildness rare,
Their groups, their wit, their virtue fair!
Uch, och ón, &c. &c.

IV.

Farewell to her to whom 'tis due,
The Fair-skin, gentle, mild-lipp'd, true,
For whom exil'd o'er the hills I go,
My heart's dear love, whate'er my woe!
Uch, och ón, &c. &c.

V.

Cold, homeless, worn, forsaken, lone,
Sick, languid, faint, all comfort flown,
On the wild hill's height I'm hopeless cast,
To wail to the heath and the northern blast!
Uch, och ón, &c. &c.

VI.

If through the crowded town I press,
Their mirth disturbs my loneliness;
And female groups will whisper—see!
Whence comes yon stranger?—who is he?
Uch, och ón, &c. &c.

VII.

Dom cáirde am ġaor gan teaċt is truaḋ,
A's mé am ċráḋ ag an t-saoġal a ngéiḃ 'sa n-guais,
Le ráiṫe a b-péin a gcéin air cuairt
Gan áḃaċt, gan sgléip, gan sgéil da luaḋ!
Oċ oċ ón, 7c.

VIII.

O dáil an ċléir ḋam céile nuaḋ,
Cois Máige go h-eug ní h-é mo ċuairt,
Go bráṫ leam rae 'táim réiḋ leam ċuaċ,
Le mnáiḃ an t-saoġail ċuir mé air buairt.
Oċ oċ ón! mo ḃrón, mo ṁilleaḋ,
Iomarca an óil, a's póga bruinneall,
Cuir mise leam laeṫiḃ gan fód, gan foiṫin,
Fós gan iomad fuadair!

PLUR NA M-BAN DONN OG.*

I.

Dá d-tiocfa-sa liomsa go cúntae Liatroim;
A ṗlúr na m-ban donn óg,
Ḃéarfainn-ui mil ḃeaċ agus méad mar ḃiaḋ ḋuit,
A ṗlúr na m-ban donn óg,

---

* *Plúna m-ban donn óg, Flower of brown-haired Maidens.* This beautiful song, which breathes the very soul of love and sorrow, seems to have been written at a period when famine afflicted the land. The poet's mistress declines, through dread of hunger,

VII.

Thus riven, alas! from bosoms dear,
Amid dark danger, grief, and fear,
Three painful months unblest I rove,
Afar from friendship's voice and love!
Uch, och ón, &c. &c.

VIII.

Forc'd by the priest, my love to flee,
Fair Maig through life I ne'er shall see;
And must my beauteous bird forego,
And all the sex that wrought me woe!
Uch och ón! my grief, my ruin!
'Twas drinking deep and beauty wooing
That caus'd, through life, my whole undoing,
And left me wandering lonely!

FLOWER OF RROWN-HAIRED MAIDENS.

I.

Oh! if thou come to Leitrim, sure nought can us sever,
A phlur na m-ban donn óg!
Wild honey and the mead-cup shall feast us for ever,
A phlur na m-ban donn óg!

to visit with him the county of Leitrim, maugre all his glorious painting; and he concludes his song with a burst of fierce love, chastened down by grief and Christian resignation.

Ḃéarfad aer na long na seól 's na m-bád duit,
Faoi ḃannaḋaiḃ na d-tom a's sinn ag filleaḋ ó'n d-tráiġ,
'Sní léigfinn-si aen ḃrón ċoiḋċe do'd ḋáil,
A ṗlúr na m-ban donn óg!

II.

Ní raċfaiḋ mise leat, a's ní'l maiṫ duit do'm iarraiḋ,
Dsḃairt plúr na m-ban donn óg;
Mar naċ g-coinneóċaḋ do ġlórṫa beó gan ḃiaḋ mé,
Dsḃairt plúr na m-ban donn óg;
Míle céad fearr liom ḃeiṫ ċoiḋċe gan ḟear,
Ná beiṫ ag siuḃal an druċta 'sna ḃ-fásaċ leat,
Níor ṫug mo ċroiḋe duit gráḋ ná gean,
Dsḃairt plúr na m-ban donn óg.

III.

Ċonairc mé ag teaċt ċugam í tré lár an t-sléiḃe,
Mar réiltion ṫríd an g-ceóḋ,
Ḃí mé ag caint a's ag comṁráḋ léi
Go n-deaċamar go páirc na m-bó.
Ṡuiḋamairne síos a lúib an ḟáil,
Go d-tug mé ḋí scrioḃṫa faoi mo láiṁ,
Naċ ḃ-fuil coir dá n-déanaḋ sí naċ n-íocfainn a cáin,
Do ṗlúir na m-ban donn óg.

I'll show thee ships and sails, through the vistas grand,
As we seek our green retreat by the broad lake's strand;
And grief would never reach us within that happy land,
A phlur na m-ban donn óg!

II.

To Leitrim, to Leitrim, in vain thou would'st lead me,
Duirt plúr na m-ban donn óg.
When pale hunger comes, can thy melodies feed me?
Duirt plúr na m-ban donn óg.
Sooner would I live, and sooner die a maid,
Than wander with thee through the dewy forest glade,
That thou art my beloved, this bosom never said,
Duirt plúr na m-bann donn óg.

III.

Over the mountain I once met the maiden,
As a star through the mist might glow;
We reach'd, while I told her my tale sorrow-laden,
The field of the kine below;
And there, in the hollow by the hedge-row tree,
I plighted her a promise, till life should flee,
To bear all the blame of her true love for me,
Mo phlúr na m-ban donn óg.

IV.

Mo ċreaċ a's mo ċráḋ gan mé fáisgṫe sios léi,
Mo ṗlúr na m-ban donn óg,
Air leaba ċaol árd, no air ċárn tuiḃe,
Mo ṗlúr na m-ban donn óg,
Gan duine air biṫ a n-Eirinn ḃeiṫ láiṁ linn 'san
oiḋċe
Aċt ag súgraḋ agus ag gáireaḋ réir mar buḋ
ṁiann linn,
A Dhia, naċ cruaḋ an cás é muna ḃfaġaiḋ mé mo
ṁiann,
Air ṗlúr na m-ban donn óg.

SILE BHEAG NI CHOINDEALBHAIN.

I.

A Shile ḃán na b-peurlaiḋe,
A ċéad-ṡearc nár ḟullaing gruaim,
D'ḟág tú m'iñtin brarṫa,
A's a'd ḋiaiḋsi ní ḃéiḋ mé buan,
Muna d-tigiḋ tú do'm ḟeuċain,
A's éulóġaḋ liom fá ġleanntaiḃ crain,
Béiḋ cúṁaiḋ a's tuirse a'd ḋiaiḋ orm,
A's béiḋ mé ċoṁ duḃ le gral.

II.

Tugṫar ċugaiñ na fionta,
Agus liontar dúinn an glaine is fearr,
Muna ḃ-faġad féin cead sinte,
Le min-ċneis an ḃrollaiċ ḃáin;

IV.

Alas! my sad heart, that I kiss not thy blushes,
A phlúr na m-ban donn óg,
On a rich, lofty couch, or a heap of green rushes,
Mo phlur na m-ban donn óg.
Alone, all alone, through the beautiful night,
Laughing in the fulness of our hearts' delight;
Alas! if thou be not mine, how woful is my plight,
A phlur na m-ban donn óg!

LITTLE CELIA CONNELLAN.

I.

O! pearl-deck'd, beauteous Celia,
My first love of mildness rare!
My life full fast is fading,
My soul is weary, vext with care;
Come, snowy-bosom'd maiden,
And rove with me the valleys deep,
Or darkest gloom shall seize me,
Till in the pitying grave I sleep!

II.

Come, place the cups before us,
Let choicest wines their brims o'erflow—
We'll drown, in draughts oblivious,
The memory of her breast of snow;

A ṗlúir is gile 's is míne,
  Ná an síoda 's na clúṁ na n-éan,
Is buaiḋearṫa, tuirseaċ ḃiḋimse,
  'N uair smsaniġim ḃeiṫ scarraṁuin léi.

III.

Dá m-beiḋinn-si féin a's mín ċneas,
  Caoinṁear an ḃrollaiċ ḃreáġ,
A n-gleanntán aoiḃin aereaċ,
  O ṫuitim oiḋċe go n-éireóċaḋ lá,
Gan neaċ a ḃeiṫ ḋár g-coiṁdeaċt,
  Aċt cearca-fraoiċ no 'n coileaċ feaḋa,
'S go m-biaḋ greann gan ċam am ċroiḋe stiġ,
  Do Shile ḃeag ni' Choindealḃáin!

A h-UISCIDHE ĊROIDHE NA N-ANAMAN.

I.

A h-uisciḋe ċroiḋe na n-anaman
  Leagan tú air lár mé:
Biḋim gan ċéill gan aiṫne,
  'Sé an t-eaċrann do b'fearr liom;
Biḋeann mo ċóta stracaiḋṫe,
  Agss cailim leat mo ċarabat,
Ar bioḋ a n-dearnair maiṫṁe leat,
  Aċt teangṁaiḋ liom a máraċ!

Her neck, that's softer, fairer
  Than silk or plumes of snowy white;
For memory wild pursues her
  When sever'd from my longing sight!

III.

Were thou and I, dear Smooth-neck!
  Of mild cheek and bosom white,
In a summer vale of sweetness
  Reposing through the beauteous night;—
No living thing around us
  But heath-cocks wild till break of dawn,
And the sun-light of my bosom
  Were little Celia Connellan!

WHISKEY, SOUL OF REVELRY.

I.

THE POET.

Whiskey! soul of revelry,
  Low in the mud you seat me—
Possess'd with all your devilry,
  I challenge foes to beat me—
Behold my coat to shreds is done,
  My neckcloth down the wind has run—
But I'll forgive the deeds you've done,
  If you to-morrow meet me!

II.

An uair éisdfiḋ tusa an t-aifrionn,
A's béiḋ do ṡailm ráiḋte,
Deunsa ionad-coinne liom,
A's teangṁaiḋ liom a d-tiġ an táḃairne,
Mar a ḃ-feicir cáirt a's cnagairiḋ,
A's coc a d-tóin an ḃarraile,
A's bioḋ na h-aoir a n-aice leat,
A's roṁatsa cuirfead fáilte.

III.

Oċ! mo stór agus mo ċara ṫú,
Mo ṡiúr agus mo ḃráṫair,
Mo ċúirt, mo ṫiġ, mo ṫalaṁ ṫú,
Mo ċruaċ, agus mo stáca,
Mo ṫreabaḋ ċéuċd, mo ċapaill ṫú,
Mo ḃa 's mo ċaoire geala ṫú,
A's, ṫar gaċ niḋ d'ár ainmniġear,
Do ċongḃaiḋ mise páirt leat!

IV.

'Sa ṁuirnín ṁúinte ṁasgalaiċ,
Is taiṫneaṁaċ do ṗóg liom,
Na diúltuiġ fós do'm ċarṫannaċt,
A's gur de'n ċineaḋ ċóir mé,
Leañán-siġe liom gin a's rum,
Bráṫair gaoil daṁ braon de'n t-sult,
Is cairdeas-Criost daṁ bowl o' punch,
A's teangṁaiḋ liom d'á ṫóruiḋeaċt!

II.

WHISKEY.

When after hearing Sunday mass,
And your good psalm reciting,
Meet me at the wonted place,
'Mid tavern joys delighting,
Where polish'd quarts are shining o'er
The well-cock'd barrels on the floor,
And bring sweet rhymes, a goodly store,
To grace my smiles inviting!

III.

BARD.

My store, my wealth, my cousin bland,
My sister, and my brother,
My court, my house, my farm of land,
My stacks—I crave none other,
My labour, horses, and my plough,
My white-fleec'd sheep, my cattle thou,
And far beyond all these I vow
To love you as a mother!

IV.

Mild, beautiful, beloved one!
Priz'd o'er all maids and misses!
O! quit me not, or I'm undone,
My fathers lov'd your kisses—
My haunting sprite is rum, I trow;
My blood relations, draughts that glow;
My gossip is the punch-bowl—O!
I'll haste to share their blisses!

V.

Is iomḋa bruiġin a's eaċrann,
Ḃí eadraiṁ lé ráiṫe,
Aċt ní ḟanan brón am aigne,
'Nsair líontar ċúġam air clár ṫú,
Mo ḃean agus mo leanḃ ṫú,
Mo ṁáṫair agus mo aṫair ṫú,
Mo ċóta-mór 's mo rappar ṫú,
'S ní sgarfaiḋ mé go bráṫ leat!

VI.

Táid na gaolta is fearr agam,
Da ḃ-fuil a d-talaṁ Eireaṁ,
Leann a's bránda a's uisce-beaṫa,
Aċt naċ d-tagann an claraéid liom,
Bronnaim súd do'n Eaglis,
Mar 'is mór mo ṡúil as a m-beannuiġṫeaċt,
A's gur maiṫ leó braon do ḃlaiseaḋ de,
D'éis aifrinn do léuġaḋ ḋúinn!

PAISTIN FIONN.*

I.

Gráḋ le m-anam mo Pháistín Fionn,
A croiḋe 's a h-aigne ag gáiriḋ liom,
A cíoċa geala mar ḃláṫ na n-úḃall,
'Sa píob mar eala lá Márta!

---

* *Paistin Fionn, the Fair Young Child.*

V.

What quarrels dire we both have had
  This year of sorrow sable!
But O! my bounding heart is glad
  To see you crown the table—
Dear fondling of the nuptial nest,
  My father kind, my mother blest,
My upper coat, my inner vest,
  I'll hold you while I'm able!

VI.

The friends, the very best I saw,
  While through the land a rover,
Were brandy, ale, and usquebaugh,
  Of claret I'm no lover;
That liquor may the clergy bless—
  Though great I deem their holiness,
They like the claret ne'ertheless,
  When Mass and psalm are over!

THE FAIR YOUNG CHILD.

I.

My *Paistin Fionn* is my soul's delight—
Her heart laughs out in her blue eyes bright;
The bloom of the apple her bosom white,
  Her neck like the March swan's in whiteness!

Cuirfá.

Is tusa mo rún, mo rún, mo rún,
Is tusa mo rún a's mo ġráḋ geal,
Is tusa mo rún, a's mo ċoman go buan—
'Sé mo ċreaċ gan tú agam ó'd ṁáṫairín!

II.

Cara mo ċroiḋe mo Pháirtín Fionn,
Ḃ-fuil a dá ġruaḋ air lasaḋ mar ḃláṫ na
g-crann,
Tá mise saer air mo Ṗáirtín Fionn,
Acht aṁáin gur ólas a sláinte!
Cuir fa.
Is tusa mo rún, mo rún, mo rún, ⁊c.

II.

Dá m-beiḋinnsi annsa m-baile m-biaḋ sugraḋ
a's greann,
No idir ḋá ḃarraile lán de leann;
Mo ṡuirín a'm aici 's mo láṁ faoi na ceann,
Is súgaċ do ólfain a sláinte!
Cuir fá.
Is tusa mo rún, mo rún, mo rún, ⁊c.

III.

Ḃí mé naoi n-oiḋċe a'm luiḋe go boċt,
O ḃeiṫ sínte faoi an dilinn idir ḋa ṫor,
A ċomainn mo ċroiḋe, a's mé ag smuaineaḋ ort,
'S naċ ḃfaġamsi le fead 'ná le glaoḋ ṫú!
Cuir fá.
Is tusa mo rún, mo rún, mo rún, ⁊c.

CHORUS.

O! you are my dear, my dear, my dear,
O! you are my dear, and my fair love;
You are my own dear, and my fondest hope here;
And O! that my cottage you'd share, love!

II.

Love of my bosom, my fair Páistín,
Whose cheek is red like the rose's sheen;
My thoughts of the maiden are pure I ween,
Save toasting her health in my lightness!
O! you are my dear, my dear, &c.

III.

Were I in our village where sports prevail,
Between two barrels of brave, brown ale,
My fair little sister to list my tale,
How jovial and happy I'd make me!
O! you are my dear, my dear, &c.

IV.

In fever for nine long nights I've lain
From lying in the hedge-row beneath the rain,
While, gift of my bosom! I hop'd in vain,
Some whistle or call might awake ye!
O! you are my dear, my dear, &c. &c.

IV.

Tréigfead mo ċaraid 's mo ċáirde gaoil,
A's tréigfiḋ mé a mairean de ṁnáiḃ a
  t-saoġail,
Ní ṫréigfead le'm ṁarṫainn ṫú, gráḋ mo ċroiḋe,
Go sinfear a g-cóṁra faoi ċlár mé!

Cuir fá.

Is tusa mo rún, mo rún, mo rún,
Is tusa mo rún, a's mo ġráḋ geal,
Is tusa mo rún, a's mo ċoman go buan,
'Sé mo ċreaċ gan tú agam-ó'd ṁáṫairín!

AN SEOTHO.*

Eoġan Ruaḋ ro ċan.

I.

Seoṫo ṫoil! ná goil go fóil,
Do ġeaḃair gan dearmad a d-taisge gaċ seóid
Do ḃí ag ad ṡiñsear rioġḋa róṁad,
An Eirinn iaṫ-ġlais ċuinn a's Eoġain!
    Seoṫó ṫoil, ná goil go fóil,
    Seoṫó leinḃ, a ċumainn 'sa stóir,
    Mo ċúig ċéad ċúṁaḋ go dúḃaċ faoi ḃrón
    Tu ag sile 'na súil a's do ċóm gan lón!

---

* The *Seotho*, or *Lullaby*, was the extempore effusion of Owen Roe O'Sullivan, to soothe the infantile sorrows of an illegitimate child, which one of the victims of his illicit amours had left him. Owen's patience and promises, it is said, were nearly exhausted,

V.

From kinsfolk and friends, my fair, I'd flee,
And all the beautiful maids that be,
But never I'll leave sweet *gradh mo chroidhe*, †
Till death in your service o'ertake me!

CHORUS.

O! you are my dear, my dear, my dear,
You are my dear, and my fair love,
You are my own dear, and my fondest hope here,
And O! that my cottage you'd share, love!

THE LULLABY.

I.

Hush, baby mine, and weep no more,
Each gem thy regal fathers wore,
When Erin, Emerald Isle, was free,
Thy poet sire bequeaths to thee!
Hush, baby dear, and weep no more;
Hush, baby mine, my treasur'd store;
My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,
Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan!

---

when the unfortunate mother, urged by maternal feelings, again returned to claim the child.

† *Gradh mo chroidhe, Love of my Heart.* The Irish is to be pronounced as if written *Gra ma chree.*

II.

Do ġeabair air d-tús an t'sḃal ad ḋóid,
Do ḃí ag an d-triúr a g-clúid faoi ċoiṁéad;
An staf do ḃí ag Pan ba greanta 'n t-seóid,
'S an t-slat do ḃí ag Maoir ġníoḋ díon dó 's
treoir!
Seoṫó ṫoil, 7c.

III.

Do ġeabair an caol eaċ éadtrom óg,
Do ġeabair an srian 's an diallait óir,
Ḃí ag Failḃe Fionn ba ṫean air ṫóir,
Ag ruagaḋ Dañair ó Chaiseal go Bóinn.
Seoṫó ṫoil, 7c.

IV.

Do ġeabair cloiḋeaṁ solúis an donn-ċúil óir
Do ḃí ag Brian ag rian na sluaġa,
An boġa ḃí ag Murċaḋ an urċair ṁóir,
Ag caṫ Cluain-Tairḃ ag treasgar na d-treoin!
Seoṫó ṫoil, 7c.

V.

Ard-ċú 'n taisdil ó Ċaiseal na n-órd,
O leoġan ḟaiṫċe Bun-Raite na seól,
Iolar sléiḃe, caol ċroit ċeoil,
'S seaḃac na seilg ó Sgeilg na sgeól.
Seoṫó ṫoil, 7c.

VI.

Do ġeabair lomraḋ saiḋḃir an óir,"
Thug Iason tréan do'n Ghréig air bórd;

II.

I'll give the fruit the Phrygian boy
Bestow'd on Venus, queen of joy—
The staff of Pan, the shepherd's God,
And Moses' wonder-working rod.
Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

III.

The steed of golden housings rare,
Bestrode by glorious Falvey Fair,
The chief who at the Boyne did shroud,
In bloody wave, the sea-kings proud!
Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

IV.

Brian's golden-hilted sword of light,
That flash'd despair on foeman's flight;
And Murcha's fierce, far-shooting bow,
That at Clontarf laid heroes low!
Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

V.

The courier hound that tidings bore
From Cashel to Bunratty's shore;
An eagle fierce, a bird of song,
And Skellig's hawk, the fierce and strong.
Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

VI.

I'll give, besides, the golden fleece
That Jason bore to glorious Greece;

'San tran-eaċ cuṫaig, mear, cumasaċ óg,
Ḃi ag Cuċullain ceann-urraḋ na slraġ.
Seoṫó ṫoil, 7c.

VII.

Do ġeaḃair sleaġa Aicill ba ċalma a n-gleó,
'S craoiseaċ Finn gan ṁoill ad ḋóid;
Eide Connail do b-rrsaḋ le treon,
'S sgiaṫ geal Naois ó ċraoiḃ na sluaġa.
Seoṫó ṫoil, 7c.

VIII.

Do ġeaḃair cloiḋeaṁ Finn ba lioṁṫa a n-gleó,
'S an gaṫ ḃi ag Diarmuid triaṫ na leóġan,
Clogad curanta Osguir ṁóir,
Air faiṫċe na féinne ṫraoċ Mac Treóin.
Seoṫó ṫoil, 7c.

X.

Do ġeaḃair a leinḃ mar ṫrille leó an t-seóid,
Thug Aoife d'éis gaċ céim do'n leóġan,
Le'r ṁarḃ Feardiaḋa ba ḋian a d-tóir,
'S Conlaoċ uasal, uaiḃreaċ óg!
Seoṫó ṫoil, 7c.

XI.

Do ġeaḃair gan ṁearḃall farraiḋ gaċ seoid,
Dion ḃrat duḃraḋ Dúḃlaing óig,
Do ċeileaḋ a ġnŕis a gcóṁgrac sluaġ,
'S é ag sior-ċrr laoċ go faon dá d-treoir.
Seoṫó ṫoil, 7c.

The harp-sung steed that history boasts,
Cuchullin's—mighty chief of hosts!
Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

VII.

His spear who wrought great Hector's fall,
The mighty javelin of Fingal;
The coat of mail that Connal wore,
The shield that Naois in battle bore.
Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

VIII.

Fingal's swift sword of death and fear,
And Diarmid's host-compelling spear;
The helm that guarded Oscar's head,
When fierce Mac Treon beneath him bled.
Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

IX.

Son of old chiefs! to thee is due
The gift Aoife gave her champion true,
That seal'd for aye Ferdia's doom,
And gave young Conlaoch to the tomb.
Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

X.

Nor shall it be ungiven, unsung,
The mantle dark of Dulaing young,
That viewless left the chief who laid
Whole hosts beneath his battle blade!
Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

XI.

Do ġeaḃair ríoġan ṁín tais, ṁoḋaṁail,
Is áilne gnaoi, 's is caoine snuaḋa,
Ná 'n réiltion ġrinn ṫug Priaṁ 's a ṡlraġa,
Go bán na Traói gan tim gan treóir.
Seoṫó ṫoil, 7c.

XII.

Do ġeaḃair níḋ nár ṁuiḋeas ort fós,
Gloine ḋo'n ḟion ḃiḋ brioġṁar soḋaṁuil,
Do ṫarraingeaċ Hebe, an réiltion óg,
Chum Jupiter Laoċ na n-déiṫe air bórd.
Seoṫó ṫoil, 7c.

XIII.

Do ġeaḃair tuille nár iṁsíḋeas fós,
An gaṫ ṫug Aongus tréan 'na ḋóid,
Do ṁac calma Ui Dhuiḃne ḋā ḋion air ṫóir,
Mar ba minic an Fhiann go dian 'na ḋeóḋaig.
Seoṫó ṫoil, 7c.

XIV.

Do ġeaḃair saill raim fion a's beoir,*
A's éadaċ 'na naice ba ṁaise ḋo ṫreoin,
Aċ ó ċim do ṁuime ċúgam san ród,
Ni ġeallfad raim ḋuit drais ná seóid!
Seoṫó ṫoil, ná goil go fóil!
Soṫo leinḃ, a ċrmain 's a stóir,
Mo ċúig ċéad cúṁaḋ go dúḃaċ faoi ḃrón,
Tu ag sile na súl a's do ċóm gan lón!

---

* *Beor* was a delicious liquor, anciently made from mountain heath. Tradition asserts that the Danes alone possessed the secret

XI.

And eke a maid of modest mien,
Of charms beyond the Spartan queen,
Whose awful, soul-subduing charms
Mov'd Priam to dare a world in arms!
Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

XII.

For thee shall sparkle, in my lays,
Rich nectar from young Hebe's vase,
Who fill'd the cup in heaven's abodes,
For Jove, amid the feast of Gods.
Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

XIII.

Another boon shall grace thy hand,
Mac Duivne's life-protecting brand,
Great Aongus' gift, when Fenian foe
Pursu'd his path with shaft and bow!
Hush, baby dear, &c. &c.

XIV.

And dainty rich, and *beoir* I'll bring,
And raiment meet for chief and king;
But gift and song shall yield to joy—
Thy mother comes to greet her boy!
Hush, baby dear, and weep no more,
Hush, baby mine, my treasur'd store,
My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,
Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan!

of preparing it, and also that for this purpose they divided the heathy tracts among them in preference to the arable land.

NEILLIDE BAN.

I.

A Neilliḋe Bhán suiḋ láiṁ liom a ċaraḋ geal mo ċroiḋe,
As léig mo láṁ air do ḃráġaid nó ní ṁairfe mé beó miḋe,
Do ṡnáṁfuiñ an tSiuir agus an tSionaiñ ġeal ad ḋiaiġ,
A's gur rug tu báir leat ó ṁnáib ḃreáġa ḃaile loċa Riaċ.*

II.

Da mo leamsa Portumna 'gus baile loċa Riaċ,
Lumneaċ na long agur coñtae Bhaile Aṫ Cliaṫ,†
Air do ṁuntir do roiñfinse a leaṫ agus a d-trián,
Do ḟoñ dul a ccleaṁnas leat lá fada 's bliaḋain.

III.

Beir mo ḃeañaċtsa go Coñaċta mar as añ do ḃí an greañ,
A's go dtí mo ḃalaintín as fada tá sí saim;
An t-ionad coiñe úd ḃí eadraiñ ag sléiḃte dúḃa Tuaḋṁuṁan
A sí an t-Sionaiñ ġeal do ċoingiḃ me ḃí lán go bruaċ.

---

* *Baile-loch-readhach.* The town of Loughrea, on a lake of the same name, in the county Galway.

† *Baile-ath-cliath.* The Irish name for the city of Dublin. Our historians say that *Baile ath cliath* literally means the *Town*

NELLY BAN.

I.

O, sit beside me Nelly Bán, bright favourite of my heart,
Unless I touch thy snowy neck my life will soon depart—
I'd swim for thee the river Suir and Shannon's wide-spread sea:
Thou dost excel the beauteous maids of the town on blue Loch Rea!

II.

Were mine the town on blue Loch Rea, Portumna's pleasant streets,
The city of the Battle-ford, and Limerick of the fleets,
Unto thy tribe these precious gifts I gladly would resign,
Could gifts like these incline them, love, to make thee ever mine!

III.

My blessing take to Connaught back, the land of friendship free,
And to my own beloved who is so far from me;
On Thomond's dusky mountain, our meeting-place we chose—
Swoln Shannon's waves detain'd me—in savage wrath they rose!

---

of the ford of hurdles; but as *cliath* might mean either a *hurdle*, or a *battle*, I have chosen the latter version as better suited to my verse.

IV.

Dob ḟeárr liom ná mo ċapall as gan áirioṁ a ṡrian,
A's ná fáḃaltas na páirce [iona leagtar na fiaḋa;
'Ná ttáinic de ḃádaiḃ ó Bhaile Aṫ Cliaṫ go Luimneaċ le bliaḋain,
Ná faicfin tusa a ġráḋ gil air ṡráid Baile loċa Riaċ.

V.

Dob ḟeárr liom go mbeiḋinn marḃ agus sínte air an t-sliaḃ,
Mo láṁ ḋeas anáirde dá pioca ag an ḃfiaċ!
A ndán gur ṫut mé a ngráḋ leat a Neilliḋe ḃán na ccliarr,
A's go ndeir do ṁáṫairín naċ áil léi mise ḋut mar ċliaṁun.

'BE N-EIRINN I.*

Uilliam Dall, ró ċán.

I.

A n-gleantaiḃ séiṁ na h-Éigse ḃim,
A ḃ-fanntais péinn a n-géiḃ gaċ laoi;
An t-seang-ḃean ġle ba ḃéasaċ gnaoi
Do sgannraiḋ mé, 'bé n-Eirinn í!
'Bé n-Eirinn í!

---

* *'Be n-Eirinn i*, literally means *Whoever she be in Ireland.*

IV.

I would sooner than my gallant steed—I pass his bridle-rein,
Or heirdom of the wide domain where stately deer are slain;
Than all that reach'd to Limerick of laden fleets this year,
That in the town on blue Loch Rea I could behold my dear!

V.

O! that I were laid in death far on a hill away,
My right hand high extended to feed the bird of prey,
Since Nelly Bán, the theme of bards, I fell in love with thee,
And thy mother says she'll have me not, her son-in-law to be!

'BE N-EIRINN I.

I.

In Druid vale alone I lay,
Oppress'd with care, to weep the day—
My death I ow'd one sylph-like she,
Of witchery rare, *'Be n-Eirinn i!*
'Be n-Eirinn i!

II.

Ní ṫráċda mé air ċéile Naois
Thug ár na n-gaoiḋeal air d-teaċd don Chraoiḃ,
Na an ḃáb ó'n n-Gréig do ċéas an Traoi,
Le gráḋ mo ċléiḃ, 'bé n-Eirinn í!
'Bé n-Eirmn í!

III.

'S breáġa deas dréimreag réiḋ a dlaoi,
Go bárr an ḟéir na slaod air biġ,
A tláṫ-ḟolt réiġ do.ḋealraḋ an slios,
Air ġráḋ mo ċléiḃ 'bé n-Eirinn í!
'Bé n-Eirinn í!

IV.

Is cásṁar, taodaċ deuraċ ḃróim,
Go cráiḋte, creimeaċ, ceusda ó'n mnáoi,
Faġnaċ, fáon, gan ċéill, air baois,
Le gráḋ do'n ḃéiṫ, 'bé n-Eirinn í!
'Bé n-Eirinn í!

V.

Air neóin n-uair ṫéiġim air ṫaoḃ sriġe Finn,
Fa ḃrón a gcéin a's gan aón dam ḃrġóin,
Cia ḟeolfaḋ aon Mhac Dé am lion
Aċ stór mo ċléiḃ 'bé n-Eirinn í!
'Bé n-Eirinn í!

II.

The spouse of Naisi, Erin's woe—
The dame that laid proud Ilium low,
Their charms would fade, their fame would flee,
Match'd with my fair, *'be n-Eirinn í!*
'Be n-Eirinn í!

III.

Behold her tresses unconfin'd,
In wanton ringlets woo the wind,
Or sweep the sparkling dew-drops free,
My heart's dear maid, *'be n-Eirinn í!*
'Be n-Eirinn í!

IV.

Fierce passion's slave, from hope exil'd,
Weak, wounded, weary, woful, wild—
Some magic spell she wove for me,
That peerless maid, *'bé n-Eirinn í!*
'Be n-Eirinn í!

V.

But O! one noon I clomb a hill,
To sigh alone—to weep my fill,
And there Heaven's mercy brought to me
My treasure rare, *'be n-Eirinn í!*
'Be n-Eirinn í!

CAITILIN NI UALLACHAIN.*

Uilliam Dall ró ċán.

I.

Is fada milte dá ccartaḋ síos 's suas an fáġan,
A's claña saoiṫe ar easḃaiḋ griñ gan ċluain, gan
stáit;
Gan cánaḋ laoi, gan fleaġa, gan fion, gan cnuas,
gan ceárd,
As braiṫ arís as Caitilín ni Uallaċáin!

II.

Ná measaigiḋe gur caile ċríon na guaireaċán,
Na cailliċín an ainḟir ṁín-tais, buacaċ, ṁináṁuil;
Is fada arís ba ḃanaltra i, 's ba ṁór a h-áḋal,
Da mbeiḋeaḋ aċt an Riġ ag Caitilín ni
Uallaċáin!

III.

Ba ḋeas a gnaoi dá mairimis le ruagaḋ náṁad,
Brata sioda ag tarruing gaoiṫe 's buaḋ ċum
ḃab;
Plaid go gróiḋe ó ḃaṫas ciñ anuas go tráċd
Ag mac an Riġ air Chaitilín ni Uallaċáin!

---

* In this political poem, composed by blind William Heffernin, commonly called *Uilliam Dall*, Ireland is personified under the

CAITILIN NI UALLACHAN.

How sad our fate, driven desolate o'er moor and wild,
And lord and chief, in gloom and grief, from home exil'd,
Of songs divine, and feasts and wine, and science lorn,
We pine unseen for *Caitilin ni Uallachán.*

II.

Suppose not thou that wrinkled brow, or unkempt hair,
Or long years' rigour did e'er disfigure the queenly Fair—
Her numerous Race would find their place on Erin's lawn,
If the prince had been with his *Caitilin ni Uallachán.*

III.

Fair were her cheek could we live to wreak the foeman's rout,
And flags would gleam to the breeze's stream o'er victory's shout;
And richest plaid on the happy maid may trail the lawn,
If the Prince had been with his *Caitilin ni Uallachán!*

---

name of *Caitilin ni Uallachán*, or *Catharine ó Houlihan.*

IV.

Sgreadamaoid le h-aṫċuinġiḋe ċum san na ngrás,
Do ċeap na Tiorṫa, talaṁ tirim, 's cruaċaib árd;
Do sgaip na ttimpċioll fairgiḋe, geal-ċuanta 's tráiġ,
Ag cur malairt criċe ar Chaitilin ni Uallaċ-áin!

V.

An té ṫarruing Israel treas na taoide Ruaḋ ó náṁuid,
Do ḃeaṫaiḋ daoine daṫad géiṁriḋ anuas le h-arán;
Do neartaiḋ Maois a measg a náṁaide, fuasgail, tráiṫ,
Is taḃair dion do Chaitilin ni Uallaċáin!

A SHIOBHAN A RUN.*

I.

A Shioḃán a Rúin, is tú do ṁarb me riaṁ,
A Shioḃán aRúin, is tú do ḃain diom mo ċiall,
A Shioḃán a Rúin, is tú ċúaḋais eadar me a's Dia,
A's b-feárr ḋuinne ḃeiḋ gan súiliḃ na tú ḟeicsin aríaṁ!

---

* I found these fugitive lines untranslated in Hardiman's "Minstrelsy," and have taken the liberty of transferring them

IV.

We raise our eye with suppliant cry to the Lamb of Grace
Who form'd the tide—did the lands divide—gave hills their place—
Who spread around the seas profound, and bay, and lawn—
To change the scene for *Caitilin ni Uallachán!*

V.

Who Israel led where the Red-sea sped its waves of fear,
His table spread with Heaven's blest bread for forty year,
In favouring hour gave Moses power and freedom's dawn,
Shall come to screen his *Caitilin ni Uallachán!*

O, JUDITH, MY DEAR.

I.

O, Judith, my dear, 'tis thou that hast left me for dead;
O, Judith, my dear, thou'st stolen all the brain in my head;
O, Judith, my dear, thou'st cross'd between Heaven and me,
And 'twere better be blind than ever thy beauty to see!

hither, and giving them an English dress, which they very richly deserve. *Siobhan* is Anglicised *Judith*, by the Scotch, and Johanna, by the Irish.

II.

As breáġ é do ṡnoḋ, is tú an t-seóiḋ do cumaḋ
  go ceart;
Is tú 'n cailín óg naċ raiḃ óltaċ, imirṫeaċ leaṁ;
Do ġruaḋ mar an rós a's do ṗóg mar ṡilleaḋ na
  m-beaċ,
A's gur é do ċeól féin ṫug mé ó ṫinneas a
  ṡearc!

AISLING ṠEAGAIN MHIC DOMHNAILL.*

I.

Oiḋċe ḃíos am luiġe am ṡuan,
  'S mé air buaireaḋ tré na caṫaiġe;
Do ṡín an tsíṫ-ḃean, tsíṫleaċ, tsuairc,
  Taoḃ liom suas ag déanaṁ taṫaiġe:
Ba ċaol a cóm, a craoḃ-ḟolt tróm,
  Ag teaċt go boñ léi na sraṫaiġe,
Ba ḋuiḃe a gruaig 'ná an gual,
  'S ba ġile a gruad 'ná na h-Allaiḋe

II.

Do ċonarċ í, gnaoi gan ġruaim,
  A claon-roisg uaiṫne 'sa béal tanaiġe;
A mion ċíoċ, cruin, ġeal, cruaiḋ,
  Air a mín-ċneis ḟuar naċ ḃfuil teasaiġe;

---

* This allegorical poem, in which the genius of Ireland, impersonated by a queen of Faëry, leads the charmed mortal through the

II.

Thy person is peerless—a jewel full fashion'd with care,
Thou art the mild maiden so modest at market and fair,
With cheek like the rose, and kiss like the store o' the bee,
And musical tones that call'd me from death unto thee!

THE VISION OF JOHN M^cDONNELL.

I.

One night, my eyes, in seal'd repose,
Beheld wild war's terrific vision—
When lo! beside my couch arose
The Banshee bright, of form Elysian!
Her dark hair's flow stream'd loose below
Her waist to kiss her foot of lightness;
The snows that deck the cygnet's neck,
Would fail to peer her bosom's whiteness!

II.

I saw her—mild her angel mien;
Her azure eye was soul-subduing;
Her white round breast and lip were seen
The eye of wonder ever wooing—

---

principal haunts of the fairy host, is valuable, if it were only for its delineation of the mythological topography of the country.

A haol-ċorp seang, a réiġ-ċrob leabair,
A caol troiġ ṫeañ, adéid 'sa mailiġe;
Is fior gur baoibiñ liñ a snuaḋ,
Bioċ gur ṫruaġ mé ag an ccleasaiġe.

III.

An uair ḋearcas i do biogas suas,
Go bfionnaiñ uaiṫi ca'r ba as i;
Nior ḟriotal si, do sgeiñ si uaim,
'S bios go duairc déis mo staraiġe:
D'éiġios go lóm na déig le foñ,
Nior aonta liom 's mé a mearaiġe
Gur leanas i don tir ba ṫuaiḋ,
Go siṫ na nGruagaċ cé gur bfada i.

IV.

Tiġim anios aris do ruaig,
Go siṫ Cruaċna, 's go siṫ Seanaiġe;
Go siṫ aoibiñ, aoiġearḋa, ruaḋ,
Mar a mbid na sluaġa re taoib na beañaiġe
Go haolbrog Bóiñ Aongais Oig,
Ag féaċain reóṁam, 's ag déanaṁ feartaig:
Ni raib a tuairisg ḟios ná ḟuas,
Aċd i do ġluaiseaċd tré na bealaiġe.

V.

Tiġim go siṫ ṁic Lir na ccruaċ,
Go craoib Ruaḋ, 's tiġim go Teaṁair;
Go siṫ ċnoc Firiñ, aoibiñ, ḟuar,
'S Aoibill Ruaḋ re taoib na craige:

Her sylph-like waist—her forehead chaste—
  Her ivory teeth and taper finger—
'Twas heaven, 'tis true, these charms to view—
  'Twas pain within their sphere to linger!

III.

" Fair shape of light! thy lowly slave
  Entreats thy race—thy travels' story."
Her white arm gave one beck'ning wave—
  She vanish'd like a beam of glory!
My questioning call unheeded all,
  My cries above the breezes swelling,
As, fill'd with woe, I northward go,
  To Grugach's distant, fairy dwelling!

IV.

Through fair Senai—through Crochan's hall
  I wildly chase the flying maiden;
By fairy fort—by waterfall,
  Where weir'd ones wept, with sorrows laden!
My footsteps roam great Aongus' dome,
  Above the Boyne, a structure airy—
In hall and moat these wild words float,
" She onwards treads the haunt of Faëry!"

V.

Mac Lir, I sought thy proud abode—
  Through Creeveroe my question sounded—
Through Temor's halls of state I strode,
  And reach'd Cnoc-Fhirinn spell-surrounded,

Bhi céad bean óg, ba séiṁe clóḋ,
  Ag éisteaḟ ceoil 's ag déanaṁ aistiġe,
A bḟoċair Aoibill 's ríograḋ ṫuaḋṁuṁain,
  'S mile gruagaċ glé le gaisgiḋe !

VI.

Do ḃi an tsiṫ-ḃean, tsiṫleaċ, tsuairc,
  Do ċuir air buairt me am raṫaiġe;
Na suiġe go maoineaċ, min-ġeal, suas,
  'S a dlaoi-ċuaċa léi go haltaiġe:
Dféaċ a nall go maorḋa, mall,
  Ba léir di air ball gur mé do lean i,
Air si 's truaġ liñ do ċuaird,
  Tig anuas 's éist ar cceasnaiġe.

VII.

“Mo ċnead,” air si, “mo ḃuiḋin air buairt,
  Mo ṫir, mo ṡluaġ, mo laoċraḋ gaisgiḋe;
Do ċreaċ a ccríoċaḋ Caoiṁṫicc, ċruaiḋ,
  Do lionnraḋ luaiṫ na ttréan ttreasaiġe:
Mar ḃid faoi ċeó gan ḃriġ ġaċ ló
  Fá ċuing an ḃróin faoi na Galluiġe;
Is iomaḋ mac dilis dibearṫa raim,
  'S a Ċríost naċ truaġ mé na nearbaiġe !”

VIII.

D'fiafraiġeas di cia i an ḃliaḋuin
  D'aois an Tigearna ḃeaḋ an fear groiḋe,
Na Riġ air ġaoiḋil go bríoġṁar, dian,
  Ag dibirt fiaḋ ṗuic ó na halluiġe,

By Aoivil-roe, 'mid wine-cups' flow,
A thousand maids' clear tones were blending;
And chiefs of the Gael, in armed mail,
At tilt and tourney were contending!

VI.

The Smooth-skin fair, whose witching eye
Had lur'd me from my pillow dreamy,
'Mid shadowy hosts was seated high,
Her coal-black tresses wild and streamy—
She said, while shone her proud glance on
The form she knew that long pursued her,
"We much deplore thy wanderings sore,
Now list our wrongs from the fierce intruder."

VII.

"I weep, I weep, my woe-struck bands,
My country, hosts, and chiefs of bravery—
The cold, rude Alien spoil'd their lands,
And ground their strength in bitter slavery;
Crush'd, weak, obscure, they now endure
Dark sorrow's yoke beneath the stranger;
And the True and High in exile sigh—
Heaven, how I need each brave avenger!"

VIII.

"Say, O say, thou being bright!
When shall the land from slavery waken?
When shall our hero claim his right,
And tyrants' halls be terror shaken?"

Do ḋún sí a beól ní ḋúḃairt níos mó
  Seo 'n siuḃal mar ceó í nó mar ṡiġe-gaoiṫ,
'S níl cúntas fós le taḃairt a ccoir
  Ca ham do fóirfiḋear air ar nearḃaiġe!

MAIDIN ĠEAL TSAṀRAIḊ.

I.

Maidin ġeal tsaṁraiḋ, cois aḃan an Riġe,*
  Ḋearcas an ċúlḟionn ḋréimreaċ, ḋonn;
Ba ḃinne a beul-ġuṫ iona siasán sluaġ síġe,
  Ba ġile a gruaḋ 'ná cúpe na ttonn—
A cúimín caol cailce—a troiġín caol tean
  A gaḃáil le fonn faoi ḟásaiġiḃ le fán—
Ar misi go múinte, a ġile ó'n nglean,
  Muna ttiocfaiḋ tú leam ní ḃéiḋ misi slán!

II.

An uair ṗusgaḋ an ċúlḟionn ṫáinic beaċ ḃinn,
  Le cioṫ meala míne air a caer ḃeol;
Ṗógas-sa an ċúlḟionn ċúṁra, geal, grinn,
  Ba ġreiḋeannaċ tar linn aċt éistig le m'sgeól—
Ċuaiḋ dealg a grios ġub mar ċealg tré m' ċroiḋe,
  Ḋfág mé gan briġ giḋ brónaċ le ráḋ,
Naċ iongantaċ beó me le cealg tré m' ċroiḋe,
  Na céada do claoiḋeaḋ róṁamsa dá gráḋ!

---

* *Abhan-an Righe*, a river of the county Kilkenny. It is called *Avonree*, or the *King's River*, from the death of the monarch, Niall

She gives no sign—the form divine
Pass'd like the winds by fairies woken—
The future holds, in Time's dark folds,
The despot's chain of bondage broken!

ONE CLEAR SUMMER MORNING.

I.

One clear summer morning, near blue Avonree,
A stately brown maiden flash'd full on my way;
More white was her brow than the foam of the sea;
More holy her voice than the fairy choir's lay!
Her slight waist was chalk-white, her foot light and smooth
Glanc'd air-lifted over the wild, grassy slope—
"Fair light of the valley," I said to her sooth,
"My heart's health is gone if you yield me no hope!"

II.

At the birth of the maiden, a humming bee flew,
With a rich honey-shower, to her berry-red lip—
I snatch'd, from the fair one, the sweet, fragrant dew;
'Twas rapture entrancing—but what did I sip?
A sting from her red lip sped, swift as a dart,
Its way to my bosom—how woful to say;
'Tis strange that I live with the barb in my heart,
While thousands have died of her love since that day!

---

who, about the middle of the ninth century, was drowned in its waters during a flood, while he was endeavouring to preserve the life of a soldier of his train who had been swept into the current of the river.

UAILL-ĠUṪ AN AOIḂNIS.

Ulliam Dall ró ċán.

I.

Air ḃruaċ na Coille móire,
  Fa ċruaḋ-ḃrataid bróin,
Do seólaḋ guṫ am ċluasaḋ,
  Ba suairce liom, fá ḋó,
Na ceól na cruit is suaimin
  A's na glór na lon sa n-uaigneas
Do bé ceól ba ḃinne air cuaird liom,
  Da g-cualaḋ don t-sórt.

II.

Ná'n ceól do ṫugaid suaiġ ḟir
  Tar mór ṁuir ó'n Róiṁ,
Na an spóirt do ḋéinid gruagaiḋ
  A g-cruaiḋ-lis na sluaġ
Ná'n ġeóin do léigid cuaċa
  Go nuaḋ ċois coille a m-bruaċ cnoic;
A's gaċ brón gur ċuir mo ċuaird díom
  Muna m-beaḋ Mallaiġe ḃeag O!

III.

Saiṫe beaċ do luḋag linn
  Air ṫuairisg a d-treóin,*
An fóġṁar do ḃeaḋ go buaḋarta
  A's gan sualcais aig Seón

---

* The poet seeing a swarm of bees confused and wild at the loss

THE VOICE OF JOY.

I.

By Kilmore's woody highland,
Wandering dark and drear,
A voice of joy came o'er me,
More holy to mine ear
Than wild harp's breathing dreamy,
Or blackbird's warbling streamy;
No seraph choir could frame me
Such soft music dear!

II.

More sweet than anthems holy
Brought seaward from Rome,
Than spells by wizards spoken
O'er stolen maiden's doom,
Or cuckoo's song inspiring
Where woods green hills environ—
Save love for one fair siren,
It banish'd my gloom.

III.

The golden bees were ranging
The air for a chief—
'Twas freedom's trumpet woken,
And dark tyrants' grief;

of the queen bee, accepts the omen as a prognostic of the destruction of the English power in Ireland.

Seóirse ṫar lear dá ruagaḋ
I's an ċóip do ḃioċ go buacaċ
Gan ór ná bailte air buan dóiḃ
I's ní truaġ liom a m-brón!

IV.

A Srónaill dá m-beiḋinn sínte
Faoi ċruaḋ-leac a g-coiṁead,
A's an sgéal so ċlos mar ċúalad
Go suanṁar air seól;
Le fórsa a's neart mo ġuaille
An fód go g-caiṫfin suas diom
A's me teaċd ṫar m'ais go luaimneaċ
Faoi ṫuairm an sgeoil!

AIR EIRE NI INEOSAIN CIA HI.*

I.

A raoir 's mé téarnaṁ ar neoin,
Air an taoḃ eile ḋon teóra 'na mbím;
Do ṫaoḃnaig an spéir-ḃean am ċóir,
Dfág taomnaċ, breoiḋte, lag, sin̄:
Do ġéillios dá méin̄ 's dá clóḋ,
Dá berl tanaiḋ, beó-ṁilis, bin̄;
'S grr léim mé fá ḋéigin drl na cóir,
'S air Eire ní 'neósain cia hí!

---

* The author of this beautiful love song is unknown; but it would seem that he was a native of the county Kerry, as this is

And George, a homeless ranger—
His tribe, the faithless stranger,
Far banish'd—and their danger,
My glad heart's relief!

IV.

If o'er me lay at Shronehill
The hard flag of doom,
And came that sound of sweetness
To cheer the cold gloom—
Death's darksome bondage broken,
My deaf, dull ear had woken,
And, at the spell-word spoken,
I'd burst from the tomb!

FOR IRELAND I'D TELL NOT HER NAME.

I.

One eve, as I happen'd to stray
By the lands that are bordering on mine,
A maiden came full on my way,
Who left me in anguish to pine—
The slave of the charms, and the mien,
And the silver-ton'd voice of the dame,
To meet her I sped o'er the green;
Yet for Ireland I'd tell not her name!

---

the most popular song in that part of Munster. Tradition attributes it to a young man who fell violently in love with the affianced bride of his own brother.

II.

Dá ngéilfioċ an spéir-ḃean dam' ġlór,
Asiad ráiḋte mo ḃeoil do ḃeiṫ fior;
Go deiṁin duit do ḋéanfain̄ do ġnóḋ,
Do léir ċuir a ccóir 's a ccriċ:
Do léiġfin̄ go léir stair dam stór,
'S ba méin̄ liom a pógaḋ óm' ċroiḋe,
Do ḃéarfain̄ an ċraoḃ dí 'na dóid;
'S air Eire ní 'neósain̄ cia hí!

III.

'Tá spéirḃruingioll maorḋa, móḋaṁuil, óg,
Air an taoḃ eile ḋo'n teóra 'na mbím;
'Tá féile 'gus daonaċt, 's meón,
'S deise ró-ṁór an̄ sa mnaoi:
'Tá folta léi ag tuitim go feór,
Go cocánaċ, ómbraċ, buiḋe,
'Tá lasa iona leacuin mar rós;
'S air Eire ní 'neosain̄ cia hí!

IV.

A ṡáir-ḟir bí páirteaċ liom féin,
'S me áirioṁ dá mféidir liom sgríoḃ;
Bheiḋin̄ gráḋṁar le bán-ċnis na ccraoḃ
Dá ḃfaġain̄ áiriġṫe ó aoin̄e cia hí?
'Táir cáinte 's ní cás orm é,
Gus le dánaċt do ṫéiġim leat dá suiġeaṁ,
Ní fsláir go ḃfuil cáim air a sgéiṁ,
Go ḃfuil náire ort a léiġeaḋ ḋuin̄ cia hí!

II.

Would she list to my love-laden voice,
How sooth were my vows to the fair;
Would she make me for ever her choice
Her wealth would increase by my care—
I'd read her our poets' sweet lays,
Press close to my wild heart the dame,
Devote to her beauty the bays;
Yet for Ireland I'd tell not her name!

III.

A maiden young, tender, refin'd,
On the lands that are bordering on mine,
Hath virtues and graces of mind,
And features surpassingly fine;
Blent amber and yellow compose
The ringleted hair of the dame,
Her cheek hath the bloom of the rose;
Yet for Ireland I'd tell not her name!

STANZAS SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE FOREGOING.

IV.

Sweet poet! incline to my prayer—
For O! could my melodies flow,
I'd sing of your ringleted fair,
If haply her name I could know.
You are censur'd, permit me to say,
Nor grieve I you suffer the blame—
Some blot doth her beauty display,
When for Ireland you'd tell not her name!

V.

A Bhrúnaiġ! ḟir ċlúṁail gan ċaim,
Níor b-iongna liom stráile dan tír;
Nó rúis do ḃeiṫ taḃarṫa do ṁnáiḃ,
Go mbeiṫ foñ air a gcáil do rúiṫ sios;
Seaċ sgúdar do ḟiuḃalaḋ a lán,
O'n Siúir go tTí' an saile cois Laoi,
Teaċt ċúġam-sa ag fáġail cúntais am ḃáb,
'S air Eire ná ṫráċtfúin cia hí!

BRUINGIOLL BAILE ATH SAMNAIS,*

Foñ, "Port Górdon."

I.

A Mháire a ġráḋ is tú tám' ċráḋ,
Oċ! taḃair do láṁ go dlúiṫ ḋam?
'S gur dual dam buaḋ na cúiġe d'ḟaġail,
Go bráṫ ná déan me ḋiúltaḋ—
A ċúil na ndual asé mo ċuṁaḋ go buan,
Naċ ḃfuiġlim leat fuaiḋte a ccleaṁnas,
Béiḋead go duairc fá ṡíor ġruaim,
Má ḃíḋir a ḃfad saimse a añsaċt!

---

* *Baile-ath-Shamhnais.* *Ballyhaunis*, a market town in the barony of Costello, county Mayo. It had a monastery for friars of the order of St. Augustine, endowed by the family of Nangle, who, in after time, took the name of Costello. It subsisted till the reign of James I., and at the insurrection of 1641, was restored by some friars of the same order.—*Lewis's Topographical Dictionary.*

Mr. Hardiman, who leaves this song untranslated in the first

V.

O, Browne, of the pure spotless fame!
I never would marvel to see
A clown thus consigning to blame
Those charms that so beautiful be—
But you that have roam'd by the Lee,
And the scenes of the Suir did proclaim,
Why ask you my secret from me,
When for Ireland I'd tell not her name?

THE MAID OF BALLYHAUNIS.

I.

My Mary dear! for thee I die,
O! place thy hand in mine, love—
My fathers here were chieftains high,
Then to my plaints incline, love.
O, Plaited-hair! that now we were
In wedlock's band united,
For, maiden mine, in grief I'll pine,
Until our vows are plighted!

---

volume of the "Minstrelsy," says that it was composed by a friar of the monastery of Ballyhaunis, who fell in love with a beautiful girl of that place. With every respect for the superior information of Mr. Hardiman, I beg to say that this lyric, so creditable to the poetic genius of Connaught, and which stands forth among the happiest efforts of the pastoral muse of Ireland, was, in all likelihood, written by a youthful student of the monastery, as the second stanza bears clear proof that the lover is one not arrived at manhood, and who is subject to his father's control.

II.

A ḃláiṫ na ccaor o ṫárla mé,
  Claoiḋte, tréiṫ, le greañ duit ;
Tair faoi m' ḋéigin a rúin mo ċléiḃ
  'S taḃair gráḋ gan ċlaon, gan ċam daṁ.
Faraoir géar ! is me an ceañ gan ċéill
  'S do ċóṁairle m'aṫar níor úṁluiġeas
'S gur b'é cóṁráḋ déanaċ a dúḃairt sé liom
  "Tréigse Beul áṫ haṁnais !"

III.

Aċd ṫug mé gráḋ dod ċuilín bán,
  Air ċúl an ġáirdín pónaire ;
Dod ḃéilín tláiṫ mar ċúḃar na tráġa,
    dod ḋá ġruaḋ ḋearg mar ċaorċon :
Dod ḃeul is biñe 'nán ċuaċ air bile,
  'S na ceileaḃar caoin na neunlaiṫ,
Mo leun 's mo ṁilleaḋ ! gan mé 's tu a ċumaiñ,
  Ag éalóġaḋ le na ċéile.

IV.

A ġráḋ 's a rúin dá ngluaisfeaḋ liom
  Go tír na long as Eiriñ ?
Ní'l tinneas ciñ ná tuirse croiḋe,
  Naċ leiġeasfuiġe añ gan aṁrus,
S tú an reult eóluis tar ṁnáiḃ na fódl a
  Agus coinniḋ agad féin ó'n mbás me
Oir gan grása dé ní ṁairfiḋ mé,
  Air an tsráid so Bheul áṫ haṁnais !

II.

Thou, Rowan-bloom, since thus I rove,
All worn and faint to greet thee,
Come to these arms, my constant love,
With love as true to meet me!
Alas! my head—its wits are fled,
I've fail'd in filial duty—
My sire did say, "Shun, shun, for aye
That Ballyhaunis beauty!"

III.

But thy *Cúilín bán*[*] I mark'd one day,
Where the blooms of the bean-field cluster,
Thy bosom white like ocean's spray,
Thy cheek like rowan-fruit's lustre,
Thy tones that shame the wild birds' fame
Which sing in the summer weather—
And O! I sigh that thou, love, and I
Steal not from this world together!

IV.

If with thy lover thou depart
To the Land of Ships, my fair love,
No weary pain of head or heart,
Shall haunt our slumbers there, love—
O! haste away, ere cold death's prey,
My soul from thee withdrawn is;
And my hope's reward, the churchyard sward,
In the town of Ballyhaunis!

---

[*] *Cúilín bán, fair flowing hair.*

AN AINDIR ALUIN.

An Mangaire Súgach ró ċán.

I.

Is tréiṫ me seal 'sas fañ,
Mo ġné do ṁeaṫ do lom,—
 D'ealaig cnead—
 Is saiġead 's deart
Am aoḋ, am sgairt, am ċom.
Do ṫréig me is fear mo ġreañ,
'Tá'n ċléir a nearraid liom;—
 Is baoṫ mo ḃeart,
 Is faon mo neart,—
Do ċlaon—do sgaip mo ṁeaḃair!

II.

Le héigion gean don ṁoḋaṁuil,
A sí réiltion deas an Bhróġa;*
 Do ṁéadaiġ asmuilt
 Daor am aice—
A sé ḃeir seasg mo ṡaṁuil.
'Tá a craoḃḟolt tais go boñ,
Go niaṁḋaċ, craṫaċ, crom;
 Is a rín-rosg mear
 Le gaeṫiḃ a ṡlad
Na céadta fear go fañ.

---

* Brogha, Bruff, a town in the county of Limerick.

THE LOVELY MAID.

I.

Long, long I'm worn and weak,
And pale my wasted cheek;
And groans have rent
Where shafts were sent
My inmost soul to seek—
My sense of joy is dead,
The Church's wrath I dread;
I'm wild, unwise,
My vigour dies,
My wits are scatter'd, fled!

II.

The love I do avow
The beauteous Star of Brogha,
Hath heap'd dark blame
Upon my name,
And withering left me now—
Her hair, in wreathed flow,
Falls shining, quivering, low;
Her rich, ripe eye
Bids thousands die
Beneath its arrowy glow!

III.

Tá a béul biñ blasda, buaḋaċ,
'S a déid ṁion ċailce ċúṁang,
A réiḋ-ċroḃ deas,
A h-aol-ċorp seang,
A sgéiṁ mar alaḋ air srúill.
A ccéim a teaċt go súġaċ,
'S na déiṫe a freasdal dúiñ;
Do ṫéarnaiḋ is fear
An ḃéiṫ le m' ais,
Do ċlaon, do sgap mo lúṫ.

IV.

Do ṡleaċdas seal dam' rún,
Le h-éigion gean dá gnúis;
Do ḃéic, do sgread,
Do léim do ṗreab,
"Seun me feasda"—adúḃairt—
Ní ċaillfiod féin mo ċlú
Le réic gan raiṫ, mar ṫú,
Le bréag is beart
Do leun—do ṡlad
Na céadta bean sa Múṁain!

CUISLE MO ĊROIḊE.

I.

Air maidin a nae roiṁ ġréin go moċ.
Do ḋearcas an ḃéiṫ ba niaṁḋa cruṫ;

III.

Lips, precious, musical,
Teeth, chalk-white, close-set, small;
Hand, smooth, and fair;
Form, statelier
Than wave-pois'd swan withal—
Once favouring heaven did will
That, downward o'er the hill,
Beside me came
The light-limb'd dame—
Faint tremblings through me thrill!

IV.

Low kneeling to the fay,
I vainly made essay
To melt her heart—
With shriek and start,
She wildly turn'd away:
"Begone!" the virgin said,
"Seducer, thou'st betray'd,
"With deed of guile,
"And tale and wile,
"Full many a Munster maid!"

PULSE OF MY HEART.

I.

Before the sun rose at yester-dawn,
I met a fair maid adown the lawn:

Sneaċta agus caor ḃi ag caismirt 'na sgéiṁ
S a seanga-ċorp séiṁ mar ġéis air sruṫ;
'S a ċuisle mo ċroiḋe! créad i 'n ġruaim
sin ort?

II.

Buḋ ḃiñe guṫ caoiṁ a béil le sruṫ
Ná Orṗeus do léig go faon na toirc;—
Bhi a raṁar-rosg réiḋ mar ċriostal na mbraon
Air ḟeamain-ġlais ḟéin roiṁ ġréin go moċ;
'S a ċuisle mo ċroiḋe! créad i an
ġruaim sin ort?

A TAIM SINTE AIR DO THUAMBA.

I.

Atáim sínte air do ṫuamba,
A's do ġeaḃair añ do ḟior mé;
Dá mbéiḋeaḋ bárr do ḋá láiṁ 'gam,
Ní sgarfaiñ leat ċoiḋċe—
A ṡḃailín agus añsaċt,
Is am daṁsa luiġe leat,
'Tá bolaḋ fuar na criaḋ orm,
Daṫ na gréine 's na gaoiṫe!

II.

Atá cló air mo ċroiḋeṡi,
'Tá líonta le gráḋ ḋuit,
Líoñduḃ air taoḃ ṡíos de,
Cóṁ ciar duḃ le h-áirne.

The berry and snow
To her cheek gave its glow,
And her bosom was fair as the sailing swan—
Then, pulse of my heart! what gloom is thine?

II.

Her beautiful voice more hearts hath won
Than Orpheus' lyre of old had done;
Her ripe eyes of blue
Were crystals of dew,
On the grass of the lawn before the sun—
And, pulse of my heart! what gloom is thine?

FROM THE COLD SOD THAT'S O'ER YOU.

I.

From the cold sod that's o'er you
I never shall sever—
Were my hands twin'd in your's, love,
I'd hold them for ever—
My fondest, my fairest,
We may now sleep together,
I've the cold earth's damp odour,
And I'm worn from the weather!

II.

This heart, fill'd with fondness,
Is wounded and weary;
A dark gulf beneath it
Yawns jet-black and dreary—

Ṁá ḃainion aon níḋ ḋam,
'S go cclaoiḋfeaḋ an bás me,
Béiḋeadsa m' ḟioṫ-gaoiṫe,
Rómad ḟios air na bánta!

III.

Nuair is dóig le mo ṁuintir,
Go mbímse air mo leaba;
Air do ṫuamba seaḋ ḃíḋim sínte
O oiḋċe go maidion;
Ag cur síos mo ċruaḋtain,
'S ag cruaḋ-ġol go daingion,
Tre mo ċailín ciuin, stuamaḋ,
Do luaḋaḋ liom na leanḃ!

IV.

An cuiṁin leatsa an oiḋċe,
Do ḃiosa 'gus tusa;
Fá ḃun an ċraiñ draiġniġ,
'S an oiḋċe ag cur cuisne;
Céad molaḋ le h-Iosa,
Naċ ḋeárnamar an milleaḋ,
'S go ḃfuil do ċoróin ṁaiġdeannuis,
Na crañ soillse as do ċoiñe!

V.

Tá na Sagairt 's na Bráiṫre,
Gaċ lá liom a ḃfearg;
Mo ċioñ beiṫ a ngráḋ leat,
A óigḃean is tú marḃ;

When death comes, a victor,
  In mercy to greet me,
On the wings of the whirlwind,
  In the wild wastes you'll meet me!

III.

When the folk of my household
  Suppose I am sleeping,
On your cold grave, 'till morning,
  The lone watch I'm keeping;
My grief to the night wind,
  For the mild maid to render,
Who was my betrothed
  Since infancy tender!

IV.

Remember the lone night
  I last spent with you, love,
Beneath the dark sloe-tree,
  When the icy wind blew, love—
High praise to the Saviour
  No sin-stain had found you,
That your virginal glory
  Shines brightly around you!

V.

The priests and the friars
  Are ceaselessly chiding,
That I love a young maiden,
  In life not abiding—

Dhéanfaim̄ fosgaḋ air an ngaoiṫ ḋuit
  'S díon duit ó'n ḃfearṫaim̄:
Agus. cŕṁaḋ ġéar mo ċroiḋesi
  Thŕ ḃeiṫ ṡíos añsa ttalaṁ!

VI.

Taḃair do ṁallaċt dod ṁáṫairín,
  'S áirṁiḋsi t-aṫair;
'S a mairion dod ċáirde,
  Go léireaċ na seasaṁ:
Nár léig dam ṫŕ ṗósaḋ
  'S tŕ beó 'gam ad ḃeaṫa,
Agss naċ n-iarrfaim̄ mar spréiḋ leat,
  Aċ lŕḋe liom air leaba!

BE 'N EIRINN I MO ĠRAḊ I.

Mangaire Sŕgaċ ró ċán.

I.

Cé fada mé le h-aer an t-saoġail,
Is gur loitear béiṫ a's céad má's fíor,
Níor ḋearcas aon do léir ġoin sinn,
  Go teaċt am ṡliġe do 'n ḃán-ċneis—
  Sí an ċŕlḟioñ caoin-tais gráḋṁar,
  Lé gaeṫe ṁill mo ṡláinte,
      Aon gan ṗuimp,
      Gan taom, gan teiṁioll,
  Bé 'n Eirinn í, mo ġráḋ í!

O! I'd shelter and shield you,
If wild storms were swelling,
And O! my wreck'd hope,
That the cold earth's your dwelling!

VI.

Alas, for your father,
And also your mother,
And all your relations,
Your sister and brother,
Who gave you to sorrow,
And the grave 'neath the willow,
While I crav'd, as your portion,
But to share your chaste pillow!

WHOE'ER SHE BE, I LOVE HER.

I.

Through pleasure's bowers I wildly flew,
Deceiving maids, if tales be true,
Till love's lorn anguish made me rue
That one young Fair-neck saw me,
Whose modest mien did awe me,
Who left my life to hover
O'er death's dark shade—
The stainless maid,
Whoe'er she be, I love her!

II.

Is craṫaċ, craoḃaċ, réiḋ a dlaoiġ,
Níl ceal 'na sgéiṁ, ní 'l claon 'na croiḋe;
Ta maise a's méin ḋa ṁéid 'sa mnaoi,
Gan gaoṫ le suġeaṁ 'na cáil ġlan;
'Si an ḃéiṫ do ċlaoiḋig na táinte,
le h-éigion grinn da bán-ċneis,
Ṁar aon ċur si
A n-eag ċruṫ sinn,
Bé 'n Eirinn i, mo ġráḋ i!

III.

Is deas a déid, a beul, 'sa piob,
A mala ċaol, 'sa claon-rosg riġin,
Iona leacain feic an ċaor 'sa liḋ,
Ṁar ġéis¯air liñ, a bán ċruṫ;
Ta féile, a's finne, 's fáilte
'G an m-béiṫ 'nar ṫuil a cáine.
Ni baoṫ a gnioṁ,
Ni daor a dliġe,
Bé 'n Eirinn i, mo ġráḋ i!

IV.

O ġaḃasa léi mar ċéile fior,
Ni sgarfad léi go d-teiġead do 'n ċill,
An balsam béul-tais, beusaċ, binn,
Do ġeur-ġoin sinn le gráḋ di—
A gcéin gan ṁoill ó's áill leat,

II.

Her hair like quivering foliage flows,
Her heart no thought of evil knows,
Her face with purest virtue glows,
Her fame all hate defying—
While for her crowds are dying,
And round death's threshold hover,
Where I, for one,
Am nearly gone—
Whoe'er she be, I love her!

III.

What beauteous teeth, and lip, and neck,
And eye and brow the maiden deck;
What red and white her cheek bespeck!
Like wave-pois'd swan she's fairest,
In virtue high she's rarest;
In her may none discover
One deed to blame—
Mild, modest dame,
Whoe'er she be, I love her!

IV.

But since soft ties are round us wove,
Which nought but death can e'er remove,
That balsam-bearing Lip of love
That spell-bound left me dying—
Now far together flying

Le ċéile raġam, a ġráḋ ġil,
An saoġal ní ḃ-faiġiġ
Go h-eag ar n-déiġlt—
Bé 'n Eirinn í, mo ġráḋ í!

V.

Raċfad léi go h-Eirne síos,
A measg na m-béiṫ geal aoraċ ġlinn,
A's na seaḃac séiṁe, seasdaċ, grinn,
Chum féis, a's fíon, a's áileaċt;
Le h-aonta gaoḋil a's cáirde,
Béarfad í tar sáile,
An ḃeiṫ gan baois,
Is séiṁe slíġ,
Bé 'n Eirinn í, mo ġráḋ í!

VI.

A h-ainim saor ní déantar linn
A's do'n t-saoġal cé ro riṁim
Is í gan ḃrúġ, ċúr saoġadam ċroiḋe
Do léirig tinn ċum báis mé;
An ċúilḟionn ṁín-tear, ṁnáṁúil
Le gaeṫ do ṁill mo ṡláinte
Béiṫ gan ṗúmp
Gan taom, gan teiṁiol;
Bé 'n Eirinn í, mo ġráḋ í!

The ocean-billows over,
Who can divide
From me my bride?
Whoe'er she be, I love her!

V.

But first to Eirne's lovely lake,
Where maids are gay, our course we'll take,
Where generous chiefs bright banquets make,
And purple wine is flowing;
Then from our dear friends going,
We'll sail the ocean over,
I and my dame
Of stainless fame—
Whoe'er she be, I love her!

VI.

Her secret name I'll not impart,
Although she pierc'd my wandering heart,
With such a death-dispensing dart
As love-sick left me lying,
In fiery torment dying,
Till pity mild did move her—
But wine of Spain
To her we'll drain,
Whoe'er she be, I love her!

BAN-ĊNUIC AOIḂIN EIRIONN.

Doñċaḋ Ruaḋ Mac Conmara Cct.

I.

Beir beanaċt ó'm ċroiḋe go tír na h-Eirionn,
Bán-ċnuic aoiḃin Eirionn,
Ċum a mairion do ṡíolraċ Ir a's Eiḃir*
A m-bán-ċnuic aoiḃin Eirionn—
An áit ion ar b'aoiḃinn binn ġuṫ éan,
Mar ṡáṁ ċruit ċaoiṁ ag cuiṁne Gaoḋal;
Sé mo ċás a ḃeiṫ míle míle a gcéin
O ḃán-ċnuic aoiḃin Eirionn!

II.

Bion barra bog slim air ċaoin-ċnuic Eirionn,
Bán-ċnuic aoiḃin Eirionn,
'Sis fearr iona'n tír seo diṫ gaċ sléiḃe ann,
Bán-ċnuic aoiḃin Eirionn,
Ba ḃinne na méaraiḃ air ṫéadaiḃ ceóil,
Sinim agus géimreaċ a laoġ 's a n-bó,
Agus taiṫnioṁ na gréine orṫa aosda a's óg
Air ḃán-ċnuic aoiḃin Eirionn!

III.

Atáid garsa lionṁar a 'd-tír na h-Eirionn,
Bán-ċnuic aoiḃin Eirionn,

---

* Eibher or Eivir, the son of Ir, who, with his brothers, the sons

FAIR HILL'D, PLEASANT IRELAND.

I.

Take a blessing from the heart of a lonely griever,
To fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland,
To the glorious seed of Ir and Eivir,
In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland,
Where the voice of birds fills the wooded vale,
Like the mourning harp o'er the fallen Gael—
And oh! that I pine, many long days' sail,
From fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland!

II.

On the gentle heights are soft sweet fountains,
In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland;
I would choose o'er this land the bleakest mountains
In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland—
More sweet than fingers o'er strings of song,
The lowing of cattle the vales among,
And the sun smiling down upon old and young,
In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland!

III.

There are numerous hosts at the trumpet's warning,
In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland;

of Milesius, shared Ireland between them. Ir and his son, Eivir, had Ulster for their share.

A's fearaċoin ġroiḋe na claoiḋfeaċ céadta,
Air ḃán-ċnuic aoiḃin Eirionn—
Ma ṫuirse croiḋe a's mo ċuiṁneaḋ sgéal,
Iad ag galla-ṗuic síos fa ġreim, mo leun!
A's a m-bailte da roinn fa ċíos go daor,
A m-bán-ċnuic aoiḃin Eirionn!

CAITRIN NI SHEOIN.*

I.

Sé an fiaḋaiċe ṡo Bearaṫ an fear fial ḃí ag Beallaiġ
As ní'r ḃ'iaḋta é fá 'n teaċso le luiḋe añ am nóin,
Sa ṁaiġdean ḃreáġ ḃarraṁail ná'r ċuir spéis riaṁ a ḃ-fearaiḃ,
Cṡiṁ gleġeal mar ṡneaċta sí Cáitrín ní Sheóin!

II.

Tá na ceudṫa d'á macaiḋe dul an éisgcruṫ d'á searcsan,
Rosc réiḋ glan ċluain mealla, beul tana mar rós,

---

* This song is the production of a Connaught bard. It seems to be an extempore effusion in praise of the daughter of a western chief, at whose residence the person whom the minstrel styles the *Hunter of Bera*, had arrived. This spirited outburst of song was certainly a characteristic mode of introducing the "Hunter of

And warriors bold, all danger scorning,
In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland—
Oh, memory sad! oh, tale of grief!
They are crush'd by the stranger past all relief;
Nor tower nor town hath its native chief,
In fair hill'd, pleasant Ireland!

CAITRIN, THE DAUGHTER OF JOHN.

I.

Sing the Hunter of Bera, who from Ballagh came
hither,
Our gates open'd wide to his coming at noon,
And the virgin whose coldness did suitors' hopes
wither,
The snow-waisted Caitrin, the daughter of John!

II.

There are tall sons of bravery that pine in her
slavery;
Her eye all beguiling—small lips like the rose;

Bera" to the "Bright Swan of Lough Glynn."

† *Bera. Bearhaven*, a territory in the south-west of the county Cork, the patrimony of the O'Sullivan Bear. *Ballagh*, or *Balla*, a village in the barony of Claremorris, county Mayo. It has an ancient round tower.

Carbúncail a m-biḋ breas ann, ḃiḋ iolraḋ gaċ
daṫa ann,
Gaċ céiḃ ḃúḋe léi ag casaḋ go altaiḃ 'na ḋeóig.

III.

Cá an ḃ'iongnad do'n regiún ag gaireaḋ fá
Venus,
Mar do ḃí Conċuḃar fa Dhéirdre dul a
b-piantaiḃ d'á gráḋ;
A réult eólús na h-éigú air ċóruġaḋ na gréine,
'Sí mo roġa ṫar mnáiḃ Eireann í a méin a'sa
g-cáil!

IV.

Deaḋ-ċunnraḋ air ṁnáiḃ a cineaḋ í, 's í fialṁaiṫ
an oiniċ í,
Gaċ seód ḋeas d'á bronnaḋ 's d'á scaipeaḋ
air luċt ceoil;
'Sí múrnín ċlanna Múreaḋ í, 'sí ro ġráḋ na
ḃ-file í,
Eala ġleġeal loċa Glinne í, 'sí Cáitrín niSheóin!

DUAN NA SAOIRSE.

An Mangaire Súgaċ ro ċán.

I.

Is fada mé a g-cuṁaiḋ gan tnúṫ le teurma,
Go duḃ-ċroiḋeaċ tréiṫ-lag tláiṫ gan treoir;
A'm ḃascaḋ ag búr 's a'm ḃruġaḋ ag baoṫlaiċ,
A lúb lom sléiḃe faoi ḃrácaḋ an ḃróin;

She's a jewel all splendid, of brightest hues blended,
  Each gold-wreathed ringlet to her white ancle
      flows!

III.

Now why should we wonder if thousands surrender,
  Like Connor to Deirdre, their hearts to her chain;
Guiding light of the poet, of sun-glancing splendour,
  The fairest in Erin of beauty's bright train!

IV.

O'er her kindred and nation she holds highest station,
  Dispensing rich guerdons to minstrels of song;
Clan-Murray's fair darling—my harp's inspiration,
  Bright swan of Lough Glynn, beauteous daughter
      of John!

THE SONG OF FREEDOM.

I.

All woeful, long I wept despairing,
  Dark-bosom'd, fainting, wearied, weak,
The foeman's withering bondage wearing,
  Remote in the gorge of the mountain bleak;

Gan ċaraid a'm ċaḃair aċt Donn* 'sa ġaolta,
'Do ḃeartuiġ air d-tús dam tuirling taeḃ leis,
Go n-aiṫriseaḋ dúinn gaċ rún buḋ léir ḋó,
Le dúil greinn sgléipe a's gáirdeas ceóil.

II.

D' aiṫris, air d-tús dúinn, cúis na saor-flaṫ,
Gan fiú suim gnéiḋ gus fáṫ an ġleoiḋ;
A's gur gairid béiḋ búir a n-duṫċas Féiḋlim,†
A's crú ċaoin Eiḃir tar gan treóir—
Tá Carolus lonn 's a ċaḃlaċ gléusta,
Ag tarraing tar aḃain lé caḃair d'ár saoraḋ,
'S ní ṁairḟiḋ sé bonn do ċlann Luṫéirus,
'S béiḋ foġa Goiḋil tréun gan tlás 's an tóir!

III.

Fearda ḃéiḋ greann le fonn ag éigsiḃ,
A's tiúin binn gléusta ag dáiṁ an ċeóil;
Béiḋ cantain a d-Teaṁair, fa ṡaṁain, ag saor-ḟlaiṫ,
A's toġa slíġe ag cléir le fáġail ó'm leoġan.
Béiḋ cealla agus úird gan cuinse ag Papistus,
Béiḋ easbairt dia-doṁnaiċ a d-teampoill Eireann:
Béiḋ scaipeaḋ agus scannraḋ air ċompluċt éigin,
'Sas subaċ síṫeaċ Gaoiḋil go bráṫ 'n a ḋeóig!

---

* *Donn Firineach*, or *Donn the Truthteller*, to whom is attributed, in Irish mythology, the government of the fairies of Munster. His residence is said to be on Cnock-firinn, a romantic hill in the county Limerick. The *Mangaire Sugach*, the author of this bold appeal in favour of the exiled house of Stuart, describes Donn as bidding him proclaim to the Brave that the hour had arrived for the last glorious effort on behalf of Charles.

No friend to cheer my visions dreary,
Save generous Donn, the king of Faëry,
Who mid the festal banquet airy,
These strains prophetic thus did speak—

II.

"Behold how chieftains glorious, regal,
Are bondage-bound, dishonour'd, low;
These churls from Phelim's heirdom legal,
And Eiver's lands, are doomed to go;
For fleets, and Charles brave to lead 'em,
Will reach our shore with promis'd freedom;
And vengeance doubly dark shall speed 'em,
Till bursts their might upon the foe."

III.

"And bards shall pour their tuneful treasure,
And minstrels strike their voiceful string,
And Tara wake to music's measure,
And priests be cherish'd by their king;
And sacred rites and mass-bells sounding
All Erin's holy domes be found in,
And scattering fear the foe astounding,
While all the Gael exulting sing.

Donn is an historical personage, and is said to have been one of the sons of Milesius, the celebrated king of Spain. When these princes invaded Ireland, more than a thousand years before the Christian Æra, Donn, with all his ship's company, was cast away on the west coast of Munster. It is a curious fact that the name of this prince, after the lapse of forgotten ages, is as familiar as a household word among the peasantry of the south!

† Feidhlim, son of Tuathal Teachtmar, and father of Conn of the Hundred Battles, was monarch of Ireland at the commencement of the second century of the Christian Era. It was in the person of his father, Tuathal Teachtmar, or the Acceptable, that the Milesian dynasty was restored after the Attacotic rebellion.

IV.

Sin agad ó túis gach rúin ba ṁéin liom,
  A's meaṁruiġ féin mo ṡceól do ċáċ;
Tigeaḋ gach croḃaire a g-coḃair le Séarlas,
  Cuiṁniġ an connraḋ réub ar náṁaid—
Sin agaiḃ an tan, a's gaḃaig le ċéile,
  Preabaig le fonn a's pleanncaig méiṫ-ṗoic;
Leanaig an foġa air ḋroing an éiṫiċ,
  'S ná h-iompuiġeaḋ aén le scáṫ ó'n n-gleóḋ!

OL-DAN EOĠAIN RUAIḊ UI SHUILLIOBHAIN.

I.

Céad slán ċuim gach ruig-ḟir
Bheiḋeaċ páirteaċ dam ṡliġse,
A d-tiġ an táḃairne do ṡuiḋfeaċ,
    Le h-intin ag ól,
Do ṫráiġfioċ na fionta,
Gan ġráisgair, gan ḃruiġeanta,
'Sa máireaċ da ḋruim sin,
    Na goilfeaċ air ḃrón—
    Mar ní mise an buic seó
    Do ċruiñiḋear an t-ór,
Da ḃailisġaḋ go fior ḃoċd,
      Ar daoine eile ḋá ól!

IV.

"You've heard the secrets I've unfolden;
To memories true their truths bestow;
And speak, 'twill all the brave embolden,
The treaty broken by the foe:
But now's the hour—your powers uniting,
Arise to crush these he-goats blighting;
And while the race of treachery smiting,
Let none his vengeance wild forego!"

OWEN ROE O'SULLIVAN'S DRINKING SONG.

I.

This cup's flowing measure
I toast to that treasure,
The brave man whose pleasure
Is quaffing rich wine,
Who deep flagons draining,
From quarrels abstaining,
The morn finds remaining
All joyous divine—
It ne'er shall be mine
To gather vile coin,
To clowns at life's waning,
For aye to resign!

II.

Bíon báoṫlaoċ, le cinnteaċt,
  Ag fáġail cámais air ḟaoiṫiḃ,
A d-tiġ an tábairne do ṡuiḋfeaċ
    Le h-íntin ag ól;
As tláṫ ḃéiḋ an ḃuiḋiñ úd,
'S as faġnaċ a g-criċe,
As sgapfar na milte,
    Go cruinn ḋá g-cuid stóir,
    Nrair sínfear é air bórd,
    'S gan tuint air a ṫóin,
Bíon a ḃean úd ḋá ċaoine,
    Le laoiṫiḃ gan ċóir—

III.

"Na tráċt air na gníoṁarṫaiḃ
Bhí a b-Pairis na Traoi ṡoir,
Na'n Iason do ṡiolċaiḋ
    Tar taoid leis an seód;
Laoċraiḋ na Craoiḃe,
Na'n te sin do ċlaoiḋ Talc,
Na Séasar ċuir cios air
    A n-diseaċ go leór,
    O! ḋo ṫúirfinnsi an Mhóin,
    Gaċ crioċ eile de'n t-sórt,
'As gaċ acra ḃiḋ aige,
    E ṫaḃairt ċúmsa beó!"

IV.

"Mo ċás, is tú an sgeiṁle,
Air ċlárаċuiḃ sínte,
As go ḃráṫ béad ad ċaoine,

II.

Some churls will come slinking,
To practice cheap drinking,
Where the generous are linking
        New joys to the old—
Vile starvling, what matter
If curses should shatter
Your land-marks, and scatter
        To strangers your gold!
        When laid in the mould,
        All naked and cold,
Your dames thus may patter
        Your death song, behold—

III.

"Let heroes strike under;
At Paris why wonder,
Or Jason who plunder
        From dragons did rive?
The red-branched hero
May sink down to zero;
And Cæsar and Nero
        In vain with him strive.
        Let the rich herds arrive
        That in Munster survive,
And I'll yield them my dear, oh!
        To clasp thee alive!

IV.

"My soul! how grief's arrow
Hath fix'd in my marrow!
O'er that cold coffin narrow

Go dtéig air mo ġlór !
Dar laṁaḋ mo ṡinsear,
'S ḃeiṫ laiṫreaċ le sine,
Do b-feárr liom arís tu
Na milte de'n ór !
Ni iosfaḋ mé seoid,
'S nil suim agam a ngnoḋ,
'Ar ní ḟágfaiḋ me an ċill
O mo ḃuiḋneaċ go deóġ ! "

V.

" A ċáirde mo ċroiḋe 'stig ;
Tiḋig láiṫreaċ am ṫimċioll,
Ni ḟágfaiḋ me tuint air
Aon taoḃ ḋiom gan stróic !
Ni stadfad don tsiog sin,
Go m-bátar san Laoi me,
'S go bráṫ ḃeiṫ dá ċaoine
Mo ċaoin ḟear dar nó—"
Ba roiṁe leat gaċ deor
Bhéiḋeaċ ansas le na sróin
'Ar i a bagairt go h-iseall
Air ċriċiḃ fir óig !

I'll weep evermore—
By the hand of my father!
This moment I'd rather
From the grave thee to gather,
Than gold's yellow store!
All feasts I'll give o'er;
I'm stricken and frore—
Oh, grave at Kilmather,
Be my roof-treé and floor!

V.

"My bosom friends inner,
Gather round your poor sinner;
My kerchief and pinner
To pieces shall go.
In the Lee wildly springing,
I'll end this beginning,
His death-song still singing
Who valued me so"—
While round tears thus flow,
And wailing and woe,
To a youth near her clinging,
She beckons alow!

CAISIOL MUMHAN.*

I.

Do ġlacfain tú gan ba gan púnt, gan áireaṁ spréiḋ,
A ċuid dó'n t-saoiġil le toil do ṁuinntir da m'áill reat mé;
Sé mo ġalar duaċ gan mé 'gus tú, a ḋion ġráḋ mo ċléiḃ,
A g-Caisiol Múṁan, as gan do leabaiḋ fúiñ aċ an clár bog déal!

II.

Siúḃail a ċogar 'as tarr a ċoḋla liom féin dó'n ġleann,
Ġeaḃaiḋ tú fosgaḋ leabaiḋ ḟlocuis agus aḋar cois aṁan;
Béiḋ na sroṫa a gaḃáial ṫraiñ, faoi ġéugaiḃ crann,
Béiḋ an lon duḃ n'ar ḃ-foċair, 'san ċiarsaċ ánn.

III.

Searc mo ċléiḃ do ṫug mé féin duit, a's ġráḋ tre rún,
Da d-tigfeaḋ sé do ċor 'sa t-saoġal go m-béiḋiñ féin a's tú,

---

* *Caisiol Mumhan*, *Cashel of Munster*, is the most popular of all the Irish melodies. This will perhaps account for the reason that there is no Irish song of which there are so many corrupt versions as this. I cannot undertake to say that the present is the

CASHEL OF MUNSTER.

I.

I would wed you, dear, without gold or gear, or counted kine;
My wealth you'll be, would your friends agree, and you be mine—
My grief, my gloom! that you do not come, my heart's dear hoard!
To Cashel fair, though our couch were there but a soft deal board!

II.

Oh, come, my bride, o'er the wild hills' side, to the valley low,
A downy bed, for my love I'll spread, where waters flow;
And we shall stray, where streamlets play, the groves among,
Where echo tells, to the listening dells, the blackbird's song!

III.

Love, tender, true I gave to you, and secret sighs,
In hope to see, upon you and me, one hour arise,

---

genuine one, but in its simple pathos it bears strong evidence of authenticity. It was given me by a lady of the county Clare, whose mother, she informed me, was accustomed to sing it, at the advanced age of eighty years.

Ceangal cléireaċ eadruiñ araon, 's an fáiñe dluṫ;
A's dá bfeicfiñ féin mo ṡearc ag aon ḟear ġeibiñ bás le cúṁaiḋ!

IV.

Dia-doṁnuiġ, 'nuair a ċíḋinn ag an tteampoll í,
Falluinn riaṁaċ a's ribín saiṫne uirre ansin mar ġnaoi;
Agus gúana do sguabfaḋ na gleannta fraoiċ:
Oċ! sé mo ḃuaireaḋ mar do luaḋeaḋ liom na maiġdeañ í!

V.

Ta úr píob ag mo ṁuirnín, 's a brágaid mar aol,
A cúilín casda buacalaċ ag fás go féur;
Sé mo ċuṁa niṁe naċ san úr ḟíos do fágaḋ mé
Tar a stiuiriġeaḋ mé a g-cóigiḃ a's mo ġráḋ ṫar m'ḋéis!

When the priest's blest voice would confirm my choice, and the ring's strict tie:
If wife you be, love, to one but me, love, in grief I'll die!

IV.

In church at pray'r first I saw the fair in glorious sheen,
In mantle flowing, with jewels glowing, and frontlet green,
And robe of whiteness, whose fold of lightness might sweep the lea;
Oh, my heart is broken since tongues have spoken that maid for me!

V.

A neck of white has my heart's delight, and breast like snow,
And flowing hair, whose ringlets fair to the green grass flow—
Alas! that I did not early die, before the day
That saw me here, from my bosom's dear, far, far away!

THE END.

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